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Biederwolf's Illustrations

BY
WILLIAM E. BIEDERWOLF

Companion Volume to
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM MYTHOLOGY

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TO THE READER

The use of Illustration has been given the sacred sanction of the One who "spake as never man spake." Scarcely did the great Master preach a sermon wherein He did not liken the truth presented to some familiar object. The lilies of the field, the birds of the air, the fish in the sea; these and scores of other familiar objects were used constantly to emphasize and drive home the truth He sought to teach. Surely we need no better example.

The greatest preachers of the world—most of them, if not all—have sensed the value of carefully chosen illustration. They are like "feathers for arrows." They catch and hold the attention, impress the mental vision, and haunt the memory as truth stated in a merely abstract way cannot do. "A good illustration is," as a master preacher has said, "the supreme art of logic."

The Illustrations in this volume have appeared serially in *The Presbyterian, The Expositor, The Bible Champion, The Pentecostal Herald,* and other religious journals. Many fine expressions of appreciation concerning them have come to him. Preachers and Bible Teachers and others accustomed to public speaking have gratefully acknowledged their use of them, and Christian people in general have written to tell of the help received in their own experience in reading them. It has been this, together with the fine reception given to his former volume, "Illustrations From Mythology," which has encouraged him in giving to his publisher the present volume of "Illustrations From Art."

The author has thought some of calling these Illustrations "Little Sermons From Art," for he has given quite as much attention to the application in each instance as he has to the Illustration itself and they are now committed to the printed page with the earnest hope that all who may perchance read or hear them may find their hearts strangely warmed with a passion for God and a deeper thirst after a righteousness like unto His own.

William Edward Biederwolf

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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ART

Illustrations from Art

The Angel and Michelangelo's Painting	*Workman, The Divine* *Perfection, Going on unto* *Angels, The Ministry of*

1

Jude 24; Ps. 17.15; Phil. 2.13; Heb. 13.21

What a beautiful legend it is that lingers about the memory of the great artist, Michelangelo. Engaged one time, so the legend runs, on a great painting he began to feel incompetent for the great and delicate work he had undertaken. At last he grew weary, became discouraged and fell asleep with the task unfinished before him and bearing marks of imperfection which could not hide themselves from his great genius, though he had despaired of doing any better. Then it was that while he slept an angel came, and taking the brush which had fallen from the sleeping artist's fingers, went over the painting and touched it into rarest beauty and divine completeness. At length the great artist awoke with a sense of shame that he had neglected his task in self-indulgent sleep. Still discouraged he took his brush and determined to overcome the imperfections and to complete the picture. But as he lifted his eyes to the canvas his soul was thrilled and his heart was overjoyed as he realized that his painting was finished, and that it had been

"painted fairer
Far than any picture of his making
In the past, with tint and touch divine,
And a light of God above it breaking."

Child of God, here is great comfort for you and me. How earnestly we have longed to be like the Master. We have prayed and we have striven, and we have sought for strength from every quarter. But we are conscious of failure; our achievement does not measure up to our ideals; we seem to be making little if any progress and we grow discouraged. But is it not true that in the very hour of our faintness the Master-workman comes, even the Spirit of our God, full of grace and almightiness, and silently works His beauty in our soul. One day, blessed be His precious Name, we shall awake and find our work has been finished; and we shall be satisfied, for we shall awake in His likeness. In that day we shall look into His dear face and we shall see reflected back, no longer our own deformity and imperfection, but we shall see an image of ourselves like unto Him; for, Beloved of God, while it doth not yet appear what we shall be, we know that when He appears we shall see Him as He is and we shall be like Him.

W. E. B.

"The Crucifixion"
by Munkáczy

Atonement,
The Substitutionary
Redemption
Death of Christ,
The Meaning of
Blood of Christ, The

2

Matt. 26.28; Heb. 9.22; I Cor. 1.18; Eph. 2.16

If you go into Wanamaker's great store in Philadelphia you find in one of the upper stories a special room set apart for the exhibition of Munkáczy's two great paintings, "Christ before Pilate," and "The Crucifixion." They are both done on a colossal scale. Seldom if ever has the dramatic and moving power of these two masterproductions been equalled; certainly it has never been excelled.

There is a story told of how a riotous mob, bent on a mission of destruction, burst into one of the great Art Galleries in Paris and rushed headlong into a large room where Munkáczy's "Crucifixion" at the time was hanging. For a few seconds only the rioters paused, and then, awed and overpowered by the look of the dying Christ, began to retreat; closing the door behind them they left the picture, with its silent eloquence, alone and undisturbed.

Truly it is a marvelous masterpiece of Art. There is the personification of heartless brutality in the Roman soldiery; of self-forgetful devotion, as the mother of Jesus with Mary Magdalene and the other women bowed herself in unrestrained grief; of consummate selfishness as some ''parted His garments, casting lots upon them''; of sluggish indifference, as others ''sitting down watched Him there''; of the most fiendish hatred, as the infamous and unholy members of the Jewish priesthood railed at Christ with their distorted lips and spat their venom at Him as they passed.

But look at the Christ!

''See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown.''

Why is He dying there? Just because He came into this world for that one particular purpose,—that He might die to redeem it. I wish Munkáczy might have made conspicuous upon his great canvas one other character—Barabbas, the robber. I would have had him standing so close to the central cross that he could have reached out his hands and touched the bleeding feet of the dying Savior, and I would have painted an expression upon his face by reason of which one might almost hear him say, ''I don't know who you are; I don't know what you have done; I don't know why they have nailed you here; but I do know that this cross was made for me and that you are hanging here in my place.''

This is the meaning of the Crucifixion. Jesus did not come into this world to show us how to live. He did show us this as none other has ever done, and that by a life that made the very angels wonder. But He did not come to *live*. He came to *die*. The theology of the Bible is a blood-theology. We must not try to heal the wounds in His hands. An altar bedecked with flowers may be more beautiful than one sprinkled with blood, but it is utterly powerless to magnetize human depravity into holiness. But

> "When I survey the wondrous Cross
> On which the Prince of Glory died,
> My richest gain I count but loss,
> And pour contempt on all my pride."

W. E. B.

Queen Victoria and Handel's "Messiah"

Adoration
Worship
Loyalty to Christ

3

Rev. 4.10; Heb. 2.9; Matt. 27.29; John 20.28

The closing festivity of Queen Victoria's coronation was the performance of Handel's "Messiah," and on the occasion there occurred a most striking and pathetic incident. When the Hallelujah chorus was being sung, the entire audience, as was customary, rose to its feet. The court ladies had instructed the young Queen that it would be unbecoming and hardly dignified for her to rise, and that she should, therefore, remain seated, in accordance with royalty's prerogative. But the Queen did not know what mighty emotion was to flow over her soul. There came a few seconds of silence, like the stillness of death, and then the bass, alto and tenor, in quick succession, sang out the words, "For He shall reign forever and ever." And the sopranos, catching up the song as if inspired, and lifting it almost to the very heavens, proclaimed with their magnificent voices, "King of Kings, and Lord of Lords." And then together, bass, alto, tenor and soprano, in one mighty volume of song, rang out, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah."

No wonder people rose as Queen Victoria sat there with her crown fresh upon her head, and said, "He is, indeed, King of Kings and Lord of Lords." Despite the custom of royalty and regardless of what the nation might think, the young Queen rose, folded her hands on her breast, and reverently bowed her head, as if she had lifted her own crown from her head and had laid it down before Him.

So should we crown Him King, and let Him take His rightful place on the throne of our lives, and serve Him faithfully here below, and one day we shall share with Him His throne above.

W. E. B.

The Harp and the Rock

Adversity
Affliction
Sorrow
Chastising of the Lord, The

4

Heb. 12.6; Rev. 3.20; Deut. 16.3; II Tim. 1.16

The owner of an Aeolian harp hung his instrument where the wind could sweep over its strings. The evening zephyrs came and touched it into music soft and gentle like the sound of sweet voices far away, and when the winds rose they fanned it into harmonies grand and majestic.

Close by the harp lay a great rock half sunk in the earth, and the rock said to the harp, "Alas for me! I cannot sing. There is no music in my soul." Directly Thor, the Thunder God, passed that way with his mighty hammer. His sword was dull and his spear was blunt. He built a fire and heated his weapons, and with the rock for an anvil, he struck with mighty force on clanging steel and ringing stone. And then the slumbering tones in the rock broke forth. Great strains of deep, rich melody floated through the valley and over the hill, and all the air about was pregnant with music. The music was in the rock as well as in the harp, but where it took only the touch of a gentle breeze to bring it out of the one, it took tremendous blows to bring it out of the other. And so it is with the hearts of men. Some yield under an easy pressure.

God's spirit comes like a gentle breeze and the heart responds. Others are hard like steel and stone, and unless the hard blows of adversity or affliction come and beat upon them until they are almost broken, they remain dull and hard forever.

> "There is no God, the fool hath said;
> But none, there is no sorrow.
> And nature oft in bitter need,
> The cry of faith will borrow.
> Eyes which the preacher could not school,
> By wayside graves are raised,
> And lips cry, 'God be merciful,'
> Which ne'er said, 'God be praised!' "

W. E. B.

The Artist, The Crucifixion, and the Spanish Girl

Indifference
Professional Christianity
Atrophy of the Spiritual, The

5

Rev. 2.4; Lam. 1.12; Rev. 22.13; Col. 1.18

The train had just passed Niagara Falls. At the five minutes stop the passengers all hurried out to see this marvel of Nature, but I sat writing at my table until something said, "Don't be a fool, go and look," and I did. But my inclination was to sit still and write. Why? Because I had seen the Niagara Falls so many times before.

I thought of the artist who was engaged to paint a picture of the Crucifixion for the altar piece of a celebrated church. He was given plenty of time and he spent more than a year working at his task as he chose. For one of the faces in the group below he chose a Spanish girl; and when the girl came for the first time to his studio, the picture caught her attention and so interested her that she was really spoiling the purpose for which she had come.

''Who is He? What has He done? Why is He suffering so? Why have they nailed Him there?'' The artist replied indifferently and with as few words as possible. But the girl was not satisfied, and seeing that he could not gain her attention until he had made fuller explanation, he said impatiently, ''Well, I'll tell you, and then you must stop talking and pay attention when I paint.'' Then briefly he told her the story of the Cross, while her eyes filled with tears at what she heard.

''And did He do that for you?'' she said, ''and did He do that for me?''

''Yes,'' he replied, ''it was for you and for me; it was for all of us.''

''Oh,'' she said, ''if He has done that for me, I shall always love Him; how you must love Him, because you have known the story so long.''

A little while and she had gone with a last rapturous look at the One who had done all this for her. But her words were continuously ringing in the artist's ears. Why had he wrought upon that canvas so long simply that his own fame might be increased throughout the world and with never a thought of what the picture meant?

Niagara is as glorious as ever but those who see it often sometimes seem to miss the glory. The fault is within themselves. And shall it be that the story of the Cross is so familiar, that we have known it so long, that it loses for us something of its charm? Shall preaching be a profession rather than a passion? Shall the Cross become commonplace in our lives and the story of its love lose for us the depth of its meaning—that Love that will not let us go, that folds us about and safeguards our way so rich in present sweetness and so full of hope for all the days to come. Let us have a care lest we hurry past the Cross. If we would sing, "Sweeter as the days go by," we need only pause and contemplate the Love, that beams and glows in the passion of Calvary. Then, indeed, "The story can never grow old."

W. E. B.

Count Zinzendorf's Conversion

Atonement
Gratitude
Obligation, The Sinner's

6

I Peter 1.18; Rom. 5.6; Col. 1.20; Heb. 9.26

They tell us of a certain German artist who, redeemed from a life of awful sin, painted a picture of the Christ. His heart was so touched with what he realized his dying Savior had done for him that all his masterful genius went into the effort to paint a face in which the incomparable love of Jesus for the lost would express itself. The picture was hung in the village church and underneath it were inscribed the words:

> "All this I did for *thee;*
> What hast thou done for *Me?*"

Many people came and looked upon the picture. One forenoon a young nobleman sauntered down the aisle for a curious glance or two; the face that had been wrought by the Spirit of God through the heart and head and hand of the converted artist, lit with love and radiant with compassion, caught and held his attention. He stood for a long time and then sat for hours gazing upon his crucified Lord. There was the blood flowing from His riven side, the thorn-pierced brow, the lacerated hands and feet. The full meaning of the picture dawned on him and a new conception of the sufferings of Jesus was born within him. He never took his eyes from the wonderful face. But, at last twilight came; and you know the rest of the story. It found young Count Zinzendorf prone on his face and in an agony of sorrow, confessing his sins and yielding his life to the Son of God. And in two hundred years of perfect romance of Moravian missionary enterprise, the influence of this mighty man of God has been circling the globe.

W. E. B.

The Child with an Artist's Soul
Mosaics from Bits of Glass
Redeeming the Time
Achievement
Waste Utilized

7

Eph. 5.16; John 6.12; Zech. 4.10; Matt. 25.23

In the workshop of a great Italian artist was a poor lad, whose business it was to clean the floor and tidy the room after the day's work was done. He was a quiet little fellow and always did his work well. That was all the master know about him. One day he came to his master and timidly said, "Please, master, may I have for my own the bits of glass you throw upon the floor?"

"Why, yes, boy," said the artist. "The bits are good for nothing. Do as you please with them."

Day after day, then, the child might have been seen studying the broken pieces found upon the floor, laying some to one side and throwing others away. He was a faithful servant; year after year went by and saw him still in the workshop.

One day his master entered a store-room that was but little used; looking around, he came upon a piece of work carefully hidden behind the rubbish. He brought it to the light and, to his surprise, found it a noble work of art, nearly finished. He gazed at it in speechless amazement. "What great artist can have hidden his work in my studio?"

he cried. At that moment the young servant entered the door. Seeing his master he stopped short, and when he saw the work in his hands, a deep flush dyed his face.

"What is this?" cried the artist. "Tell me what great artist has hidden his masterpiece here?"

"Oh, master," faltered the astonished boy, "it is only my poor work. You know you said I might have the broken bits you threw away." The child with an artist's soul had gathered up the fragments; patiently and lovingly he wrought them into a wonderful work of art.

Do you catch the hint? Gather up the bits of time and opportunity lying all about, and patiently work out your life mosaic—a masterpiece, by the grace of God.

Unknown.

"Cloudland" with Its Angel Faces

Discouragement, The Way Out of
Angels, Ministering Spirits
Fellowship with God

8

II Kings 6.17; Isa. 50.7; Ps. 34.7; Ps. 121.5

In one of the German picture galleries there is a painting called "Cloudland." It hangs at the end of a long gallery, and at first sight looks like a huge, repulsive daub of confused color without form or comeliness. As you walk toward it, the picture begins to take shape. It proves to be a mass of exquisite little cherub faces, like those at the head of the canvas in Raphael's, "Madonna di San Sisto." If you come close to the picture, you see only an innumerable company of little angels and of cherubim.

How often the soul that is frightened by trial sees nothing but a confused and repulsive mass of broken expectations and crushed hopes! But, if that soul, instead of fleeing away into unbelief and despair, would only draw near to God, it would soon discover that the cloud was full of angels of mercy.

Theodore Cuyler.

The Bells of Limerick

Joy of the Lord
Restored, The
Repentance
Backslider, The

9

Zech. 14.20; Rev. 5.8-10; Ps. 51.12; Jer. 2.19

There is no more beautiful legend than the one associated with the Bells of Limerick, a quaint Irish city, famous today very much because of this beautiful story.

A poor Italian lad, ambitious to produce a set of bells whose chimes would be unrivaled for beauty, labored hard and long in his own country to bring them to perfection. They were hung in a monastery in Italy, and the whole countryside was charmed by their sweet melody. The successful artist purchased a house in the district and for years spent his evenings listening to the sweet music of his bells. War came; the bells were stolen and carried away, he knew not where. Old and poor, he bade good-bye to his native Italy, and set forth in search of the music he loved so well. His tired feet touched the shores of many lands; at last he came to Ireland.

One evening, just as the sun was going down, he was sailing up the river that runs close by Limerick, when, borne on the evening's zephyr, there came stealing into his ears the sweet chimes of melodious bells. He sat enraptured; he knew that he was not mistaken, and that the entrancing melody was the music of his own long-lost and cherished bells. He set his face, now wet with tears, toward the tower whence the enchanting strains were coming; and as the vessel sailed into port, his wanderings were over. The light had faded from his eyes, his fingers had loosened their hold, and his soul was wafted away to the sweet music of his own bells.

Oh, Child of God, have you lost the music that once delighted your soul? Has the world stolen from you the joy-bells of our old-time faith and devotion? You need not wander the world about nor wait till death to find the music. The bells are in your soul, and Jesus is able to touch them into "'music so sweet the angels will stoop to listen.'' If those bells have ceased to ring, there is a reason, which God knows and you know. Let the Son of God forgive you and restore the music to your soul.

W. E. B.

William Hogarth's
"Demented Prisoner"

Blindness, Spiritual
Folly of the Wicked
Unbelief

10

Luke 12.20; Rom. 6.23; II Cor. 4.4; Eph. 4.18

William Hogarth was without doubt the greatest of the English pictorial satirists. One of the most telling cartoons this ingenious artist has given us by his pencil is that in which he pictures a demented prisoner sitting on a pile of straw in a dark, damp cell, chained like a wild beast to his dungeon wall. And yet the man smiles and sings and laughs as if he were the most favored of mortals. To him his dingy cell is a palace, his straw-heap is a throne and his jailers are his obliging servants; he thinks himself to be envied by the crowned heads of the world. Poor, much to be pitied, man!

"Deluded,'' you say? Yes, but not more so than the man who in the tattered rags of his own self-righteousness laughs along through life and thinks himself worthy to appear before the judgment of God. "A fool," did you say? Yes, but one to be excused; yet not more of a fool than the man, supposedly in his right mind, who delights in basest carnal pleasures, while the King of kings and the Savior of the world stands before him with the offer of the purest enjoyments the soul can know; the man who is insane enough to hate God and to spurn the redemption of the Son of God and to be content with this poor world when he might have heaven for the asking; the man who loves his sin, and hugs his chain, and, though lying under the wrath of God, makes merry and sings and dances on the thin crust which is some day to break beneath his feet, as it has ever and anon for countless others, into the bottomless abyss below; the man who makes no preparation for the long journey from which he knows he will never return, and while others go singing into God's harvests, he at last when the awful end is come must stand below shuddering at the gates of hell!

"The royal feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried, 'Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!'

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Beneath the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head and bent his knee
  Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: 'O Lord,
  Be merciful to me, a fool!

No pity, Lord, could change the heart
  From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
  Be merciful to me, a fool!

Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
  Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
  Be merciful to me, a fool!'

The room was hushed; in silence rose
  The King, and sought his gardens cool;
And walked apart, and murmured low,
  'Be merciful to me, a fool!' "

Raphael's *Ideals, Shattered*
"Madonna" Restored *Backslider Restored, The*
Holy Living

11

Jer. 18.4; II Cor. 3.18; Ps. 90.17; Phil. 3.12

Visitors to the gallery at Bergamo, in Italy, will find a "Madonna" by Raphael which has a bit of interesting history.

Napoleon appeared one day with his conquering power. In this as in other Italian cities were many rare and exceedingly precious works of art. Napoleon ordered them to be sent to France to enrich the galleries of Paris. Raphael's "Virgin Mother and Holy Child" was the treasure of Bergamo, and hoping in some way to protect it that it might not be lost to Italy, some artist had painted over the canvas a rude and ugly picture for which, of course, Napoleon would not care. The pictures, however, were all taken to France; in the year 1815, when Napoleon fled from his throne, they were all returned to Bergamo. It so happened that the patriotic painter in his haste had forgotten to mark the treasured painting so that it could be identified if ever recovered. For years it hung in its disguise on the walls of the Bergamo gallery among the other beautiful paintings. It was not until fifty years later that the rough covering began to peel away; then, with reverent hands, the artists of Bergamo began to restore the picture until, at last, the long-lost treasure stood forth in all its precious beauty.

Is it not true that many a child of God has created for himself some splendid ideal of what he meant his Christian life to be and later has come to mourn because it seemed lost beyond his reach? But it is waiting for you. It needs only the touch of your earnest purpose to restore it, when, lo! the scales with which your neglect and worldliness have obscured and disfigured it will begin to fall away; and by-and-by, as you give yourself to the hallowed task, it will shine forth upon you with all its old-time beauty and splendor.

W. E. B.

Marino Faliero and
The Black Veil

World, Overcoming The
Unfaithfulness
Backsliding

12

II Tim. 4.10; 1 John 5.4; John 16.33; Rev. 2.4

Over a certain place on the walls of the Grand Palace in Venice there hangs a black curtain which, as any visitor will note, attracts more attention than any of the magnificent portraits that adorn this celebrated Hall of the Merchant Kings. This curious curtain hangs over an empty space from which once smiled the sallow face of Marino Faliero, one of the long line of the Doges who ruled the Republic of Venice from the seventh to the eighteenth century. He had been found guilty of treason against the State, and from the now unsightly panel his likeness was removed that his memory might be blotted out. Only this somber veil of black hangs there now to remind the world of his treason and his treachery.

This story always makes me think of a certain one among the portraits given us of the characters in the New Testament. It is Demas, the one-time honored companion of the great Apostle Paul. Of him Paul had to say when writing to Timothy, and how sadly he must have said it, "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world." What a comment is that to make of a one-time follower of Christ! The words sound like a muffled drum beating the sad funeral march of despair through the darkened chambers of a lost soul. "Having loved this present world," Demas hath gone away!

What an enemy this world is with its lust of the flesh, its lust of the eye and the pride of life; with its riches, its honors and its pleasures. But thank God, it is written, "There is one in us who is greater than he who is in the world," and while the power of the Evil one is too much for us, single handed and alone, it is possible to overcome and to do all things through Christ, this armor-clad Champion of the humblest child of the Kingdom of God.

W. E. B.

The Cathedral of Milan *Bible, Its Unity and Harmony*

13

Ps. 119.89; Luke 11.28; James 1.22; Ps. 119.105

The time came in my earlier experience when I had opportunity to realize one of the ambitions of my life in seeing the Cathedral of Milan. As I traveled across the mighty Alps and through that longest tunnel in the world I thought of that Cathedral by day and dreamed of it by night, and at last I stood one day before it, the mighty masterpiece of the world's architecture. I walked around it and climbed its tallest, dizziest steeple. I read its history and found that in its building five centuries had come and gone, during which long period nations had fallen and new continents had been discovered; but at last it was finished, stone upon stone, until its mighty turrets had pierced the skies. So perfect is the work that poets have called it, "A poem in stone," and others have spoken of it as "frozen music." We wonder, of course; but one controlling architect explains it all.

What could we have expected had no superintending genius ruled the situation? What could we expect under this circumstance in any case?

Let us suppose that forty builders of various types, living fifteen hundred years apart, should each one in his own land hew and chisel a number of stones, each builder being utterly ignorant of the work of the others. Years afterwards, when these stones were brought together, what would you expect to find? Just a pile of stones, of course. But suppose that out of these stones there arose a cathedral as glorious and perfect as any ever built, or a statue as artistic as any that ever came from the chisel of a Phidias or a Ghiberti! Then what?

Well, just this last is true of the Bible. The Bible is composed of sixty-six separate books written by at least forty different writers, living at periods of time in some cases 1500 years apart, and in countries hundreds of miles apart.

They wrote in three different languages.

Some of them were skilled in the wisdom of Egypt, educated in the schools of Babylon and trained at the feet of Jewish rabbis, while some of them were ignorant.

They wrote, some of them, in the palace and some of them in the dungeon.

Among them were doctors, farmers, fishermen, and tax-gatherers.

They wrote without any preconcerted plan and without collusion of any kind, for by the very nature of the case such a thing was impossible.

Now, in after years when these writings were brought together what would you expect to find? Just a pile of books, of course.

We would expect under such circumstances, as I have said, total discord and utter lack of unity. But instead of this we find the Book to be one harmonious whole, symmetrical in all its proportions, with one dominant, ever-expanding thought running through it from the beginning to the end, until, speaking in terms of the cathedral once more, there rises before you this matchless temple of God's truth, every stone fitting into its place, so complete, so perfect and so divine that no one must presume to add a stone to it or dare to take one from it. I know this is an old argument, but it's a mighty strong one, and no man can be honest and fair who does not meet it and either refute it if he thinks he can, or acknowledge it if he can't.

W. E. B.

The Critic and the Fly *Bible, The Inspiration of*
Bible, Criticizing the
Word of God, The Enduring
Criticism, So-Called Higher

14

Ps. 119.89; II Tim. 3.15; II Tim. 2.15; II Tim. 3.16

"The critic stood with scornful eye
Before a picture on the wall:
'You call this art! Now see that fly;
It is not natural at all.
It has too many legs; its head is far too large—
Whoever saw a fly like that, so limp and dead,
And wings that look as if they—Pshaw!'
And with a gesture of disgust
He waved his hand, when lo! the fly
Flew from the picture. 'Ah, some dust,'
The critic said, 'was in my eye.'"

There is a certain form of so-called Higher Criticism that styles itself Literary Criticism, dealing as it does more especially with the text of the Bible. This criticism comes as a rule with a pious air as if loathe to believe the Bible not to be all it claims to be; after examining the text much as a physician examines a diseased lung or a weakened heart, it turns away with a sigh of disappointment, shakes its head and with an air of profound wisdom pronounces the patient beyond hope of recovery.

It claims to be engaged in an effort to improve the Bible, as though the Book had not come already perfect from the hand of God. You might as well expect to touch up a golden sunset with a charcoal pencil! You might as well expect to improve the glorious notes of a yellow-throated roller from the Hartz Mountains by offering it a tin whistle! As well pour red paint on the blushing beauty of a rose!

As if the inspired Word of the Eternal God needed mending at the hands of man!

W. E. B.

Retzsch's Face of Christ

Christlike Life,
The Power of
Sanctification

15

Matt. 5.16; II Cor. 3.18; Acts 3.4, 12; Matt. 18.6

I heard a story once about a statue of Jesus sculptured by a German artist whose name was Retzsch. It was the face of the Redeemer the sculptor was concerned about. For many years it had been his thought by day and his dream by night to chisel out of marble a face that in itself would reveal the identity of his subject to the world that looked upon it. He first sought to mold that face in clay, and if he could succeed in this he would then put it in the white marble of Carrara imperishable forever. When the model was ready, without cross or crown of thorns or any of the usual emblematic marks to reveal its identity, he showed it to a little child and asked the child who it was. The child replied, "'It is the man who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'" A smile of inexpressible satisfaction played over the artist's features. His dream was realized; carefully he wrought it into marble.

To do a thing like that is indeed a triumph of art, but something like that God expects to be wrought out in your life and in mine through the work of the Holy Spirit. And just that, this Divine Worker, this Artist of the soul, can do for you and for me if our lives are but yielded wholly to Him. It is possible by His wonderful power, by His grace every hour so to reproduce in a human life the beauty and the holiness of Christ that men beholding us and taking knowledge of us will recognize in us the image of our Master.

It is said that the navy lads on board a certain ship going into battle used to slip around just to touch a certain man, one Stevens by name, because he was so like Christ in his life that the men felt and knew that he was in touch with God and with things eternal. "But we all with unveiled face beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." Thank God a thing like this is possible today in your life and in mine!

W. E. B.

Statue of Christ in Johns Hopkins Hospital

Compassion of Christ
Christ, Divinity of
Humility

16

Matt. 11.28; Luke 19.41; Col. 1.18; Matt. 5.8

One of the most exquisite statues of Christ is the one in white marble which stands in the hallway just inside the entrance of the great Johns Hopkins Hospital in the beautiful city of Baltimore. No one whose life the Man of Galilee has ever touched can look upon this statue without being profoundly stirred, and the marvel of it is that anyone else ever could.

Upon the base of the monument are chiseled the words which fall from his blessed lips, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." The nail-pierced hands are stretched invitingly. And the face! It is a face of tender patience such as Sarto gave the Master in the Church of the Annunziata, full of compassion and benign yearning. And it puts a richness into the words that causes hundreds of poor, pain-racked patients to shed tears and to take hope as they are carried through the door and past the wonderful statue.

One day, it is said, there came one who was a cynic and doubter to view the figure of which he had heard so much. It was very evident he was disappointed. He walked around from side to side and looked at it from nearly every angle and was about to go away. But nearby there was standing a little girl, who had watched the man with childish curiosity and something of concern. When she saw him about to leave without having read the real message of it all, she ran up to him and said, "Oh, sir, you cannot see Him that way. You must get very close and fall upon your knees and look up!"

Oh, how much we need this close-up, upward look today! One can never really see Jesus in any other way. Oh, this Christo-centric controversy of the present time! I wonder if here is not much of the trouble with the so-called Modernism and the New Theology man. His cold analysis, and sometimes his condescension, will never do, but a little kneeling and a looking-up will reveal things to him which he never can see through the cold eyes of intellectual pride. He, too, might see in the Man of Sorrows some One else than the merely splendid human being they would have us think Him to be.

W. E. B.

The Artist and
The Soiled Napkin

Redemption
Christ-likeness
Christian Life, The
Possibilities of

17

Ps. 4.2; II Cor. 3.18; Phil. 1.20; I John 3.2

Somewhere I have read of an artist who was falsely accused and unjustly thrown into prison. His jailers allowed him his brush and paints but he had no canvas. The man had not the appearance of a criminal. His sensitive, delicate face spoke of higher things. One day a student of human nature was passing through the prison and seeing the man said to him;

"Friend, you do not have the look of a criminal. Why, may I ask, are you here?"

"I am here awaiting trial, but I have been unjustly accused."

"Is there any small service I could do for you?" asked the stranger.

"Yes," said the prisoner, "I am an artist. I would to God I had a sheet of canvas."

The stranger looked about and could find nothing but an old soiled napkin. Pushing it through the bars, he said; "This is the best I can do; see if you can paint a picture upon it."

The artist fastened the napkin to the wall of his cell and began to paint upon it the face of Jesus. He labored upon it faithfully, and every day the touch of his brush brought out more wonderfully the radiant face of the Christ. It later became one of the world's famous paintings of the Master's face and was hung high on a cathedral wall that the reverent gaze of the thousands might fall upon it.

Yes, it is a truth; there is no life so soiled and debased but that from it the image of Christ will shine if only the Holy Spirit, the Divine Artist, may have His way with it. And as I recall the story the thought comes to me, that if a poor artist could take an old soiled rag and so make it glow with the loveliness of Jesus that thousands have bowed reverently before it, what might not the glorious Christ do with my life if it were but placed in His hands. His own likeness He could, indeed, reproduce in me.

W. E. B.

Christ and the Monk's Canvas

Commonplace Transfigured, The
Drudgery
One's Best for Jesus

18

Matt. 25.40; Matt. 10.42; Mark 9.41

There is a legend of a monk who in an old convent cell painted pictures of martyrs and holy saints and of the sweet Christ-face with the crown of thorns. Men called his pictures poor daubs.

One night, feeling the poverty of his work and longing to honor Christ with pictures as beautiful as those of other painters, he resolved to cast his ill-wrought pictures into the fire,

"He raised his eyes within his cell—O wonder!
There stood a visitor; thorn-crowned was he.
A sweet voice the silence rent asunder;
'I scorn no work that's done for love of me.'

"And round the walls the paintings shone resplendent,
With lights and colors to this world unknown.
A perfect beauty, and a hue transcendent,
That never yet on mortal canvas shone."

Christ scorns no work that's done for love of Him. Most of us have much drudgery in our lives, but even this we can make glorious by doing it through love of Christ.

J. R. Miller, D.D.

Christ, the Consoler

Comfort in Sorrow
Consolation
Christ, The Ever Present

19

Mark 8.18; II Kings 6.17; Acts 9.31; II Cor. 1.3, 4

There are to be found today men and women to whom Christ is as real as though they held His fleshly hand and looked into His sweet human face. They are as sure that heaven is around them as that their hearts beat within them. They know that God loves them as certainly as if He awoke them each morning with a kiss.

Some time ago I saw a picture representing two women in great sorrow. Standing behind the chairs on which they were sitting there appeared the figure of Christ stretching out His hand over them. They could not see Him because their eyes were dim, but He was none the less present with them. He was near in all His effulgent brightness, with all His sympathetic consolation, and with all His helpful power. At the foot of the picture this verse was written;

> "Unheard, because our ears are dull,
> Unseen, because our eyes are dim,
> He walks on earth—the Wonderful—
> And all great deeds are done for Him."

What we need is the power to see—to see the chariots and the horses on the mountains; to see God all about us; to see the strong right arm of the Almighty stretched out to help us; to see that the darkest clouds and the most threatening surroundings are under the all-controlling power of the Everlasting Father. And seeing this we shall have the prophet's hope, and the prophet's faith, and the prophet's trust that they who are with us are more than they who are against us. The prayer, then, that befits our lips day and night continually is, "Lord, we pray Thee, open our eyes that we may see."

Walker Jubb.

Ole Bull Putting
The Ocean's Roar in
His Violin

Communing with God
Secret Prayer
Preaching, Inspired

20

I Kings 19.12, 13; I Cor. 2.10; Isa. 30.21; Eph. 3.19

There are two great artists I have always wished it had been my privilege to hear. I would like to have heard Jenny Lind sing, and Ole Bull play upon his violin. If what is told of the rare skill with which he performed is true, Ole Bull's was a marvelous, magnificent power, and God must have some wonderful music in store for us in heaven to give men such music here.

"Through every pulse the music stole,
And held sublime communion with the soul;
Wrung from the coyest breast the imprisoned sigh,
And kindled rapture in the coldest eye."

In the music of the strings of Ole Bull's violin it is said one could hear the song of the lark, the thunder of the clouds, the falling of the cataract, the laughing of the happy child, and the sobbing of the heart-broken man. They tell us that to cultivate the sounds of nature this great artist, among other things, was accustomed to go down to the sea coast and find a position on a rocky point that reached far out into the sea, and then while the roar of the mighty ocean and the deep bass of the thundering waves breaking upon the rocks were sounding in his ears he would play upon his instrument. When he was asked what it all meant Ole Bull would say he was listening to the music of the breaking waters that he might find how to place it in the strings of his violin.

Among the other voices of nature he was able through his instrument to make his audience hear the beating of the surf on the shore and see through the eye of imagination the waves and the white-capped breakers rolling against the rocks. Thus it was that Ole Bull swayed the audiences that sat before him.

And so it must be with you and me, with anyone, who would sway the human soul with the melody of heaven. If we are to stir men with holy emotions; if we are to inspire man to attempt the heroic; if we are to sway men with the highest influences we must first have our own soul filled with the heavenly harmonies of which this sad old world is so much in need. This we can have and do, only in so far as we stand apart and listen to the voice of the Divine Spirit as He communes with us through the pages of the Word of God, in the place of secret prayer, and in the doings of His providence as He works out His will in the world.

You must remember, preacher, missionary, Christian worker, whoever you are, that you can never move another man with a message until that message has first moved you. What a message is ours!—the message of a Savior Who is able not only to save to the uttermost but to keep through all time and all eternity. I must be a poor preacher, a poor witness for Him, indeed, if I fail to grip and to stir and to sway men with a message like that.

W. E. B.

James Tissot's Vision and His Religious Paintings

Christ, The Attractiveness of

21

Col. 1.27; Gal. 6.14; James 1.27; I John 2.15

James Tissot, while in Paris, gave his brush to the painting of a series of pictures portraying the life of society women in that noted city of fashion and frivolity. It was quite the thing in that day for the rich and gay to pose as religious devotees by singing in the choir of some great church, and Tissot had gone into the Church of St. Sulpice to make a study for one of his paintings to which he meant to give the title, "The Choir Singer." He had not come to worship, but as the Host was elevated he bowed his head and soon found himself in the spirit of devotion and there came before the inner eyes of his soul a vision that thrilled him through and through.

It was as if he saw the ruins of a great castle with its broken windows and shattered cornices and its roof torn with shells that lay about with broken bowls among the debris. A tired peasant with his wife came picking his way over the littered ground and threw down his bundle containing all that was left of their earthly possessions. Seating themselves on a fallen pillar the man and woman buried their faces in their hands. As they sat in despair there came gliding toward them the strange figure of a man whose hands and feet were bleeding, and on whose head there was a crown of thorns. And this One, needing no name, for the enrapt artist recognized in Him the "Man of Sorrows," came and seated Himself beside the disconsolate pair. He put His hand in tender protecting care on the peasant's shoulder, seeming to say more by His looks than by His words, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

The great artist left the church to continue the work in which he had been engaged and in which he had so much delighted. But the vision would not leave him. It stood constantly between him and his canvas. He lost interest in his series of "Parisian Women," and in his despair he became feverish and then seriously ill. "Christ the Consoler" was the artist's interpretation of his vision, and when he recovered he decided to paint it, more than anything else in order that he might put it forever out of his mind. But as he worked upon it the grandeur of his subject and the significance of his theme grew upon him and he decided to leave the gay butterflies of fashion and to devote his life to painting pictures of Christ. It is thus we have the picture bearing the above title, which was the beginning of one of the most marvelous series of paintings the art-loving world has ever seen.

The world with its gaudy glitter and empty show has no power to hold or to thrill the soul when once that soul begins to appreciate the loveliness and the worth of Christ. What are the pleasures of this world but Apples of Sodom that in the end are full of ashes and bitterness? And how are these to be compared with the satisfaction of the saving knowledge and the sanctifying fellowship of Jesus Christ? Is this knowledge and this fellowship yours?

He is my Life and my Light.

He is the Shepherd who leads me in to green pastures.

He is the Friend who clings closer than a brother.

There is no love like His love.

There is no comfort like His.

There is no sustaining strength like His.

There is no joy like His.

There is no peace like His peace.

He is the One altogether lovely.

"He's the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and
Morning Star,

He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul."

No wonder the world fails to attract in the presence of a Christ like this.

W. E. B.

The Master Artist and The Student's Imperfect Painting

Transforming Power of Christ, The
Christ's Strength in our Weakness
Completeness in Christ

22

John 11.28; Isa. 41.10; Ps. 90.17; Deut. 14.29

More than anything else, the church and the individual need the presence and the power of Christ. One morning, as the students of an old artist filed into his studio, one of their number cried out in tones of great joy, "The master has come! The master has come!" And when they asked him how he knew, he replied, "Look at that picture: I tell you no one but the master could do a thing like that." The old artist had gone away for a time, and had left his students to work alone as best they could. In the soul of one of them there had been formed a noble picture, and even before the master went away he had been trying to produce it on the canvas. He had done the best he could, but the picture was imperfect, and he knew it.

One evening, saddened by his failure, weary and disappointed, he retired to his lodgings. That night the old artist had unexpectedly returned, an before going to his sleep, he passed through the studio to see what his pupils had been doing while he was away. He saw the painting upon which the young artist had wrought. He, too, knew that it was imperfect, but he knew also just wherein the imperfection lay; taking the brush, he supplied with a few strokes what was lacking, and then passed on. In the morning the students came back, each one to his work. The young painter paused a moment in wonder before his easel and then the glad shout fell from his lips, "The master has come! The master has come!" "No one but the master could do that."

The presence and power of the master is what we need. I have read the life-story of some blessed saint of God like Whitfield or Paton, and many another one like them, and I have said, "Surely the Lord was with Him in power." I have seen some organization, some society or church, noted for its deep spirituality and the numbers who find Christ at its altar, and I say, "Surely, the Master is there and His power is at work." Without Him our best is weakness and futility; but if we are only willing and ready He will come, and where we have failed He will succeed and in His power we can do all things.

W. E. B.

Herkomer and His Discouraged Father — *Christ's Power in the Soul*
Sanctification

23

Isa. 41.10; Deut. 14.27; Phil. 1.6; Col. 2.10

You may recall the story of Herkomer, one of the world's great artists in clay. He was born in the Black Forest, the son of a humble woodchopper. When he rose to fame, he established his studio in London, and to his new home he determined to bring his father, that they might spend their time together. The father came and in the course of time became very fond of moulding clay, and would spend most of his time in the studio of his famous son. He really became quite an artist himself, but as he grew older and his eye lost something of its vision and his hand something of its skill, the old gentleman became heavy-hearted, like a man who thinks his best days are gone, and he would go up stairs at the close of the day's work with a sad heart.

Herkomer, his son, the unrivaled artist in clay, noticed it all, and many times, when the old man had gone up stairs, he would slip into the studio and take the work his aged father had been doing with the marks of failure and imperfection on it, and with his own marvelous touch he would make it as near perfect as the genius of man could do. In the morning, when the old man would come down and look upon the work he had left the night before, he would hold it up to the light, rub his hands and exclaim, "Why, I can do it as well as I ever did."

Just that God can bring to pass in your life and mine. "I can do it as well as I ever did." Yes, and better; for if my life has been marred by mistakes and failures because I have resisted Him, I can, by the touch of His Hand, if but wholly yielded to Him, be not only the man perhaps I once was, but better than that, I can be the man I have always longed to be, which is something far better than I have yet attained.

W. E. B.

Paganini Highest Bidder for an Old Violin

Surrendered Life, The
Christ, The Need of
Soul, The True
Worth of the

24

Mark 8.36; Phil. 4.13; Eph. 3.16; II Tim. 4.17

One morning a number of years ago a group of people had gathered in a small auction shop in London for an advertised sale of fine old antiques and curios. The auctioneer brought out an old, blackened, dirty-looking violin. He said, "Ladies and gentlemen, here is a remarkable old instrument I have the great privilege of offering to you.

It is a genuine Cremona, made by the famous Antonius Stradivarius himself. It is very rare, and worth its weight in gold. What am I bid?"

The people present looked at it critically and some doubted the accuracy of the auctioneer's statements. They saw that it did not have the Stradivarius name cut in. And he explained that some of the earliest ones did not have the name, and that some that had the name cut in were not genuine. But he could assure them that it was genuine. Still the buyers doubted and criticized, as buyers have always done. Five guineas in gold were bid, but no more. The auctioneer perspired and pleaded, "It is ridiculous to think of selling such a rare violin for such a small sum." But the bidding seemed hopelessly stuck there.

Meanwhile a man had entered the shop from the street. He was very tall and very slender, with very black hair, middle aged, wearing a velvet coat. He walked up to the corner with a peculiar sidewise step, and without noticing anybody in the shop, picked up the violin and was at once absorbed in it. He dusted it tenderly with his handkerchief, changed the tension of the strings, and held it up to his ear, lingeringly, as though hearing something. Then, putting the end of it up in position, he reached for the bow, while a murmer ran through the little audience, "Paganini." The bow seemed hardly to have touched the strings when a soft exquisite note came out, filling the shop and holding the people spellbound. And as he played, the listeners laughed for very delight, and then wept for the fullness of their emotion. The men's hats were off and they all stood in rapt reverence, as though in a place of worship. He played upon their emotions, as he played upon the old, soil-begrimmed violin.

By-and-by he stopped. And as they were released from the spell of the music, the people began clamoring for the violin. "Fifty guineas!" "Sixty!" "Seventy!" "Eighty!" they bid, in hot haste. And, at last it was knocked down to the famous player himself for one hundred guineas in gold, and that evening he held a vast audience of thousands breathless under the spell of the music he drew from the old, dirty, blackened, despised violin.

The master's touch revealed the rare value and brought out the hidden harmonies. May I say, softly, some of us have been despising the worth of the man within. We have been bidding five guineas, when the real value is immeasurable above that because of the Master. The violin needed dusting and readjusting of its strings before the music came. Shall we not each of us yield this rarest instrument, his own personality, to the Master's hand and touch?

S. D. Gordon.

The Denial of Saint Peter

Faithfulness
Companionship, Worldly
Denying Christ
Jesus, Ashamed of

25

Matt. 10.33; Jer. 2.19; Luke 22.62; John 6.68

If Peter had stayed close up to Jesus and had stayed away from the crowd that was lined up against Jesus, he would have been spared the painful regret of later years arising out of the cowardly denial he had made of his Master. One must needs be careful of his fellowship with the world. It takes a bit—an unusual bit—of real grace not to allow one's testimony to be tarnished by it, and for its praise many a child of God has paid an awful price.

In what a marvelous way the painter, Harrack, has brought this out in his justly famous picture, "The Denial of Saint Peter." Every detail of the picture is wrought out with consummate skill. Every face manifests, with rare expressiveness, the character of its owner, but it is the face of Jesus that holds you most. As He is being led away by the brutal Roman soldier, He turns to look upon Peter, as he stands outside the hall of the chief priests with some of the soldiers and servants of the household. On the over-hanging vine, the cock is crowing, and as the Master gazes pityingly upon His faithless disciple, Peter re-members the words He had spoken concerning his denial. I know nothing of the painter, but he must have been a Christian to have painted a face like the one he gave to Jesus. Peter, when he saw the Master's face, what other could he do than go out to some secret place and weep bitterly.

If the song had been written and known of Peter, I think he would have cried in the midst of his falling tears,

> "Ashamed of Jesus, can it be,
> A mortal man ashamed of Thee!
> Ashamed of Jesus, sooner far
> Let evening blush to own the star."

But this is the danger of the world's fellowship. It dulls the conscience; it deadens the sense of obligation; it weakens resolution, and so it chills the spiritual life, until cowardice becomes the master of loyalty, and ends in base and ungrateful denial of Him who loved you and gave Himself for you.

W. E. B.

The Taj Mahal of Shah Jahan — *Consecration, True Fidelity, Loyalty*

26

John 3.16; Acts 21.13; I Peter 4.13; I John 3.1

Standing on the banks of the Jumna River at Agra, in India, is the Taj Mahal, the love-tribute of Shah Jehan to Princess Arjamand, his wife whom he called Mumtaz Mahal, the "exalted of the Palace," a woman loved as few women have ever been loved. It is the most beautiful structure in the world. It is a dream in marble. It is, as some one has called it, "frozen poetry." On each visit to Agra I have gone time and time again, at sunrise, at noon, and at sunset and have lingered for hours, now on the entrance gateway, now on the marble approach, or again lying on the green sward, to gaze upon and to contemplate its wonderful beauty.

Shah Jehan had promised his wife a palace more magnificent than which man should ever build. Eight times Mumtaz Mahal went down to hazard death in the mysterious land of motherhood, but the eighth time the babe came back alone. And as Shah Jehan sat, bowed in irreparable grief by the side of his lifeless mate, he cried, "O my Mumtaz Mahal, you shall have the palace I promised you although it must be your tomb!" For more than twenty years he employed more than 20,000 men and spent more than $20,000,000 in building this marvelous mausoleum in which he placed the body of his beloved by whose side he himself now rests. For centuries it has been one of the wonders of the world.

Whether standing inside the Taj Mahal underneath its wonderful dome or gazing upon its dreamy white from without, or standing before its picture which hangs upon the wall of my home, I am moved always by the beautiful love story that lies back of it; by the inscription the Shah had engraven upon the tomb in remembrance of the really wonderful woman for whom he had it built, "To the memory of an undying love."

There was One, who in His undying love for all mankind went down through the valley of suffering into the realm of death itself. But this One, who so loved that He gave Himself, came back. For He triumphed over death and Hades at the cost of infinite suffering and brought life and immortality to light by his glorious resurrection, and thus purchased redemption from death and from destruction for you and for me and for every one who has received Him by faith. And what have we done for Him? What monument have we built for Him? By the bloody sweat of Gethsemane, by the thorns that pierced His brow, by the nails that went through His hands and the spear that tore His side, by the unutterable agonies of His soul I say we shall build for Him a monument fairer, grander, more costly than any Taj Mahal. A monument not in white and perishable marble, but in a life pure and undefiled, and lived in unselfish loyalty to Him who loved us and gave Himself for us—a life devoted "To the memory of an undying live."

W. E. B.

"William, The Conqueror" *Self, The Conquest of*
Overcoming the World
Death
Pomp, Power, The End of

27

II Cor. 12.9; I Cor. 1.25; Eph. 6.13; I John 5.5

Have you ever seen the painting, "William the Conqueror"? It is in the Salon of the famous Art Gallery in Paris. If you have never seen it you are already forming in fancy something of a picture of what you think such a title calls for. But is this victory? "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," regal robes and the golden cords of military eminence, with other kings made vassals and the spoils of far-flung battlefields spread out before you? The world may call it such, but is it true? It was the poet Gray who sang, and he sang truly, indeed;

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e're gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

And this is the painting. King William is not sitting on a throne. He is lying dead upon a bed. His servants, who but a moment before trembled at his word and ran to do his command, are rifling his wardrobes and spoiling his treasure caskets. Conqueror, indeed! What boots it all? What though a man conquer the whole world if that is all he has conquered! Death comes and snatches every such victory away. But there is one kind of victory of which this grim visitor cannot rob you. It is the victory over self. There are fiercer battles than roaring cannon and flashing steel ever fought. There is another kind of a world to overcome, and with it the "flesh and the Devil." Unholy ambition, inordinate desire, envy, hate, passion; these are all to be conquered. It will take something more than a brief and brilliant *coup d'etat* to do it. Sometimes the battle is a long drawn-out Austerlitz or Gettysburg, but by the grace of Him whose "strength is made perfect in weakness" the victory may be ours.

W. E. B.

Leonardo da Vinci's Two Models for "The Last Supper"

Sin, The Effect of
Dissipation, The Fruits of

28

Rom. 6.21; I Tim. 1.19; James 1.15; Rom. 6.23

There is no incident that more forcibly illustrates the marks of sin than that connected with the painting of Leonardo da Vinci's great masterpiece, "The Last Supper." Long and in vain had the artist sought for a model for his Christ. "I must find a young man of pure life," he declared, "before I can get the look on the face I want." At length his attention was called to a young man who sang in the choir of one of the old churches of Rome, Pietro Bandinelli by name. He was not only a young man of beautiful countenance, but his life was as beautiful as his face. The moment the artist looked upon this pure, sweet countenance, he cried out in joy, "At last I have found the face I wanted." So Pietro Bandinelli sat as the model for his picture of Christ.

Years passed on and still the great painting, "The Last Supper," was not finished. The eleven faithful apostles had all been sketched on the canvas, but the artist was seeking a model for his Judas. "I must find a man whose face has hardened and distorted," he said, "a debased man, his features stamped with the ravages only wicked living and a wicked heart can show." Thus he wandered long in search of his Judas, until one day in the streets of Rome he came upon a wretched creature, a beggar in rags, with a face of such villainous stamp that even the artist was repulsed. But he knew that, at last, he had found his Judas.

The beggar with the repulsive countenance sat as the model for Judas. As he was dismissing him at the end of his engagement da Vinci said, "I have not yet asked your name, but I will now." "Pietro Bandinelli," replied the man, looking at him unflinchingly, "I also sat for you as the model for Christ." Astonished by this startling declaration, da Vinci would not at first believe it, but the proof was at hand and he finally had to admit that Pietro Bandinelli, he whose fair, sweet face had been the inspiration for his great masterpiece, the face of Christ, had now become so disfigured by the sins of a lifetime, that no trace was left of that marvelous beauty which before had been the admiration of all men.

J. Wilbur Chapman.

Raphael Discouraged Over "The Transfiguration"

Discouragement
Grace Sufficient
Guardianship, The Divine

29

I Peter 5.7; Ps. 55.22; Gen. 35.11; II Cor. 12.9

I am not a critic of the fine points in art but I have always felt that among the world's greatest paintings Raphael's "Transfiguration" is the masterpiece of them all. It holds for me at least a tremendous fascination. The exquisite coloring, the sublime majesty of the glorified Christ mingled with the infinite compassion for the world's need as pictured below, fixes the art-lover's gaze upon the canvas as if nothing could ever take it away.

No wonder Raphael, the artist, as he conceived what his canvas must hold before it could speak to the world as it has, trembled as he thought of his task. No wonder he became depressed at times with the thought that his concept was more than he could ever accomplish. Patiently he toiled; years passed and still this wonder-work of the world stood before him incomplete. It is said that one day he was cast down by unusual discouragement and, in the midst of his tears, exclaimed, "I am not a painter; I cannot complete it!" And then the marvelous painter slipped away to his couch for rest, and God kissed his eyes to sleep and gave quiet to his nerves and rest to his hand; when he awoke he took his palette and stood once more before the canvas, and with his heart inspired again as before and the vision clear in his brain he went on and gave at last to the world the painting which has been its marvel ever since.

Oh child of God, you have sometimes been discouraged as Raphael was discouraged. The work has been hard and unpromising, the road has been rough, the burden has not been light, and the struggle has been seemingly going against you. But has the Father in Heaven not said, "My grace is sufficient for thee," and have you never found Him proving this to you when it seemed as if you could go no further? Why not then rest happy in the sweet assurance that

> "No matter what may be the test,
> God will take care of you."

Look at Burmah today with its hundreds of churches and its thousands of converts and remember that when Adoniram Judson was asked, after working six years in Burmah without a convert, what evidence he had of ultimate success, he replied, "As much as there is a God who will fulfill all His promises." So too, oh child of God, you can depend upon Him for multiplied grace, whatever the need, whatever the emergency may be, for yours is the God who said to Jacob, "I am El Shaddai; I am God Almighty, the All-Sufficient God; you can count on Me, Jacob; you can depend upon Me; you can lean hard, and you will not be disappointed."

W. E. B.

"The Abandoned,"
by Stanfields

Drifting
Stumbling Block
Lost Soul, The

30

Rom. 14.15; Eph. 6.11; I Tim. 1.19; II Peter 3.17

In one of our galleries there is a picture of an old derelict vessel, an old battered hulk, on a rough sea with threatening clouds and forked flashes of lightning shooting across it. It is a picture by Stanfields which he has called "Abandoned." No canvas ever spoke its message with plainer voice. I might describe it. I might comment on it. But down underneath the painting is a verse that tells the whole, wierd, pathetic story. Listen to the words:

"Storm-beaten, torn and tossed
By night and day;
Lone, lorn, lamented, lost,
Drifting away!"

What a picture of many a soul that you and I know!

"For sadder sight than eye can know,
Than proud bark tossed or seaman's woe,
Than battle fire or tempest cloud,
Or prey-bird's shriek or ocean shroud,
Is the ship-wreck of a soul!"

And just here there comes to my mind two verses, the writer of which I do not know:

"There's a ship floats past with a swaying lurch,
No sails, no crew, no spar;
And she drifts from the paths of her sister ships
To the place where the dead ships are.
The song of her crew is hushed for aye,
Her name no man can say;
She is ruled by the tide and whatever wind blows—
And nobody knows where the derelict goes!

"There's a man slinks past with a lurching gait,
No joy, no hope, no star;
And he drifts from the paths of his brother men,
To wherever the other wrecks are.
The song of his youth is hushed for aye,
His name but he can say;
He is ruled by the tide and whatever wind blows—
And nobody knows where the derelict goes!"

W. E. B.

Michael's Triumph over Satan

Devil, Resisting the
Warfare, The Christian

31

Eph. 6.11; Matt. 6.13; I Cor. 9.27; I Peter 5.8

It has well been said of the Christian life that it is no kid-glove proposition. Satan is a foe so formidable that the Holy Spirit saw the necessity of exhorting us to put on the whole armor of God if we do not expect to go down before him. And if victory comes to us it will only be with sword streaming with blood, with battered helmet and dented shield and many a scar. Because this is experimentally so, those of us who have read Hawthorne's "Transfiguration" will appreciate the criticism that he has passed upon the famous painting by Guido Reni of the Archangel Michael Triumphing over the Evil One. The painting hangs in the historic Church of the Capuchins in Rome.

Hawthorne feels that Michael has come out of the contest all too easy. Satan, pictured as a huge dragon-like serpent, his features distorted with pain and livid with rage, is writhing on the ground with his head beneath the archangel's foot. But for the victor the fight has been all too bloodless. His face, though shining with a sense of triumph, is far too composed, Hawthorne thinks, for such a scene; his armor bears no mark of the enemy's weapon, his drawn sword flashes in the sunlight as though it had never done service, while his foot rests all too gently on the head of his prostrate foe.

No Christian ever thus overcame the great Adversary of the soul. He does not always come out of the struggle, as does the archangel of our picture, unscathed and unscarred. It is a death-struggle into which he goes; if he does not go down in defeat it will be because he will be found fighting as if his very life were at stake.

W. E. B.

Raphael's "Transfiguration"

Faith
Discouragement
Sufficiency in Christ

32

II Cor. 12.9; Eph. 4.7; Heb. 12.12; Job 4.4

The last work Raphael produced was probably his greatest. It is the "Transfiguration," now hanging in the Vatican at Rome, and universally accepted as the greatest among all the paintings of the world. He doubtless felt that this was to be his last great work. He was fond of painting scenes from the life of Christ; into this one he seems to have put the last measure of his marvelous genius, as if he would have it speak to the world of his great love and adoration for his glorified Savior.

It was finished a short time, only, before his death; it hung before his eyes during his dying hours. When he was dead, they placed it near his lifeless body, where for days the people pressed to do him honor and to gaze with reverence upon the sublime creation of his unrivaled genius.

Two scenes are embodied in the painting; the one above, full of light and life and glory—it is the transfiguration; the one below, full of darkness and disease and death—it is the demoniac boy, with his sorrowing parents and friends appealing to the impotent disciples. Of all the sad, sorrowing crowd below, only one or two of the disciples seem to have any thought of the real source of relief from the suffering and agony in their midst. The eyes of the stricken ones are intent upon the disciples, but their every face and gesture is written all over with the literature of helplessness and chagrin, while just above them is healing and comfort and a panacea for all the sorrows of the world. One upward look of faith would have set everything right.

It has ever been so with the short-sightedness of this world. Christ is the way, out of despair into hope, out of unrest into peace, out of the storm into the calm, out of darkness into light, out of death into life; and yet we go groping among the nostroms of the world about us, and forget whence our help cometh. And there never has been an emergency in your life or mine, but that He gave sufficient grace to meet it; and never a sorrow or a misfortune, but that He helped us, if we allowed Him.

W. E. B.

Correggio's
"Miracle of San Diego"

The Commonplace,
The Glorification of
Drudgery, The Divinity of

33

Rom. 10.31; Acts 9.39; II Thess. 3.10; I Thess. 2.9

I shall never forget the time when in the Louvre at Paris I first looked upon Correggio's painting of "The Miracle of San Diego" or "The Angels in the Kitchen." It was in my student days and it came to me as a rebuke to the deadly dualism which had found a place in my philosophy of life. I knew at a glance what the great painter was trying to teach.

Beautiful white-winged angels are doing the work in a convent kitchen. With celestial grace one is placing the tea-kettle on the stove to boil, another lifts the plates from the pantry, and another brings the pail of water—preparing food as naturally as if they were playing harps in heaven. They seem so delighted and are doing the work with such cheerful spirit that you become immediately conscious of something divine about it and forget that ever such a word as "drudgery" was connected with it as you say: How refined and beautiful kitchen-work really is.

Why should we divide things which are not sinful into two classes and call one sacred and the other profane? What is known as drudgery, be it of the humblest sort, has dignity and a divinity about it such as angels are quick to recognize. To wash dishes is quite as holy as to preach a sermon. The commonest toil, if done as God's will, glows with celestial splendor and makes us better and diviner in the doing of it.

"A servant with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine."

"If the dear Lord should send an angel down,
A seraph radiant in robes of light,
To do some menial service in our streets,
As braying stone, we'll say, from morn till night,—
Think you the faintest blush would rise
To mar the whiteness of His holy face?
Think you a thought of discontent would find
Within his perfect heart abiding place?

I love to think the sweet will of his God
Would seem as gracious in a seraph's eyes
In the dark, miry, crowded lanes of earth
As in the ambrosial bowers of Paradise;
That those fair hands which lately swept the lyre,
Would not against their lowly work rebel,
But as they ever wrought His will in heaven,
Would work it here as faithfully and well."

W. E. B.

Raphael and the Student Who Caught His Spirit

Imitation
Example
Spirit of Christ, Having the

34

II Thess. 3.7, 9; I Cor. 3.16; Gal. 2.20; Ezek. 36.27

I recently saw it stated that to be a Christian means to be like Jesus. But how am I to become like Jesus? It is impossible to become good merely by copying the virtues of good people. Imitation at its best only yields an artificial product and other people can always tell the difference. Titian had been a good imitator but he never became a great painter until he left his master's models and getting close up to nature's heart allowed her to breathe her inspiration into his soul.

History tells us of a certain young disciple of Italy's greatest master who started as a paint-mixer in the studio but who developed a rare skill of his own with the brush and the pigments. An enemy of the great teacher came to the youth and urged him to start a School of his own, telling him that great wealth and renown and an invitation into the king's palace might be his. But the youth replied, "I am not ambitious to found a School or to dwell in a palace, but I am ambitious to catch Raphael's spirit and to reproduce in myself his ideals." Here was the real way to become a painter like Raphael.

Gilbert Stuart was an artist famed for his beautiful coloring. Benjamin West, the great painter, speaking of Stuart, used to say to his own pupils, "It's no use to steal Stuart's colors; if you want to paint as he does, you must steal his eyes." And here again is the truth of the matter. Trying to copy the wonderful life of Jesus will never make us like Him. What we need is His heart, His Spirit.

Jesus says to us, "Follow me," but we are not to do it by bandaging our feet up or chiseling them down until they are of the same size as the feet of Jesus. Some people will measure the stride of Jesus and then measure their own by His and every time they step they try to step just so far and no farther. But, as my lamented friend, B. Fay Mills once said, "The thing to do is to get inside of you the divine organism, so that your feet will grow to the same size, and so that when you step you will naturally have to take the same steps that Jesus took. That is the only way to follow Jesus; not by trying to imitate Him, but to be like Him, so that you cannot walk in any other way." Ah, yes, the "Imitation of Christ" by Thomas à Kempis is good, but I can tell you something better. If instead of imitating Christ who lived and wrought in marvelous fashion in yonder Galilee and is now far away in glory, He will come by His own Holy Spirit and dwell in me I shall find it possible then to be so inspired and so empowered until by His grace He shall have worked through my weak but yielded life a life something like His own. I want Him to do this for me. Don't you?

W. E. B.

Guido Reni's "Archangel and the Devil" and Riviere's "Saint George and the Dragon"

Devil, Resisting the
Sin, Victory over
Evil, The Power of

35

James 4.7; I Tim. 6.12; Eph. 6.11-13; Rev. 20.2

In the Church of the Capuchins in Rome is Guido Reni's "Archangel and the Devil," a painting symbolic of the triumph of right over wrong. The attitude of the conqueror is studied and correct. Not a fold of his garment is disturbed, not a lock of his flowing hair is astray. He is trampling upon his terrible enemy as he would pose at a social function. And so says Hawthorne's Miriam, who herself knew the awful meaning of wrong; "The archangel, how fine he looks, with his unruffled wings and his unhacked sword. No, no, I could have told Guido better. The battle was never such child's play as this dapper archangel seems to have found it."

Miriam is right. Guido is wrong. The picture does not stir. It is intended for my lady's bower only, to be festooned with honey-suckles and forget-me-nots. A recent picture by Riviere of Saint George and the Dragon contains a truer Gospel. The scaly coils of the monster are wound tight about the dying horse. The hero himself has fallen faint and breathless, while the anxious-faced princess bends over his prostrate form. This tells the story of struggle, of sacrifice as the price of salvation, of remission by the shedding of blood.

Selected.

The Artist Painting with His Heart's Blood

Earnestness
Surrender, Absolute

36

II Cor. 3.2; Col. 1.10; Rom. 9.3; Acts 20.23

Olive Schreiner gave to the world her book of "Dreams." In this book she tells the story of an old painter who lived at the crossroads, and who was made famous by a rich, rare red glow in his pigments. Visitors were charmed by his canvas, and other artists came to study his work, hoping to learn the secret that made his painting so famous. They brought costly pigments from the Far East and with the rich colors these produced they sought to imitate the work that held such a strange fascination for all who beheld it. But in this they utterly failed. They sought to wrest the secret from him, but his lips were dumb; and with head bent low the old artist worked on, growing whiter and whiter as the days wore away while the rich red of his painting seemed to grow more beautiful with the passing of time.

One day they found him dead before his picture, and they said, "Now we will discover his secret," but they searched his studio in vain for the mysterious tint that differentiated so favorably his painting from the work of his fellow-artists. But when they prepared him for his burial the secret was discovered—they found a rough, jagged wound just over his heart that must have been there all his life. He had transferred his life's blood to his task. That was the secret. He had painted with his heart's blood.

O child of God, how like a canvas is your life and mine, and men and women are looking upon it every day. And how much we need to learn the lesson that there will be little to fascinate and to charm, little to attract, to inspire and to bless until we are willing to pay the price which this world and the next demand—willing to put our very heart's blood into the divine art of living. Christ demands and He is worthy of our very best.

W. E. B.

Michelangelo
Encourages His Student

Encouragement
Inspiration for Service,
Strength, The
Christian's Source of

37

John 16.33; Josh. 1.7; John 20.22; Heb. 12.2

It is said that to have come into the presence of Michelangelo always meant for the younger artist that his own work became both his challenge and almost his despair. There came one day, into this master's studio, one of his students, as Browning tells us in one of his poems; ere he went away he begged the privilege of clasping the hand of the mighty genius in order that he could go back encouraged and inspired for his own task.

Michelangelo took the young man's hand in his own, and by the look of kindly interest in his eyes, encouraged him to make a still more intimate request. This time he asked for the privilege of laying his head upon the master's breast that he might hear the throb of his heart; for, surely, he thought, an inspiration like this would strengthen and equip him for his life's ambition, as nothing else could do. And when the young man's head had been drawn by the mighty genius down upon his bosom and held there for a moment with tender sympathetic hands, he stepped proudly back, and standing erect, he said, "Now I go back to paint on my canvas forever proudly, because the breath of the master has been upon my head.''

Is it not thus with us, when we come into the presence of our great Lord and Master, Jesus Christ? He has wrought and suffered and endured trials and ''been tempted in all points like as we are,'' and overcome the world as we must do. And what burden is there so heavy, what temptation is there so strong, what task is there so great, but that burden and that temptation and that task is easy if only we can go out from before Him and say truly, ''The Master has breathed upon me.'' ''And he breathed upon them, and said, 'Receive ye the Holy Spirit.' ''

W. E. B.

Da Vinci
Doing His Best

Responsibility
Faithfulness
One's Best, Doing

38

Matt. 25.24; Eph. 4.19; Eccl. 9.10; Rev. 2.10

Responsibility is measured not so much by results as by the quality of action that brings them about. It is neglect and infidelity that bring upon us the judgment of condemnation. It is action and fidelity to our capacity that bring upon us the smile of divine approval.

We are told of an aged and famous artist who had begun a picture but who owing to his increasing infirmities felt unable to finish it; he called into his studio one of his pupils and told him to complete it. That pupil was Leonardo da Vinci, who was then young and unknown to the world. But da Vinci felt unworthy to touch a canvas upon which his famous master had worked. He was sure the picture would be ruined and humbly begged to be excused. His master replied, "Do your best." Kneeling down beside the easel da Vinci prayed that for his master's sake he might have special skill, and then he began to touch the canvas with his brush. As he painted it seemed as though all the slumbering genius of his artist-soul awoke, and he plied his brush with a skill he had never dreamed he could possess. When he had finished the picture they carried the aged master into the studio that he might pronounce his judgment upon the work of his pupil. His eyes fell upon the masterpiece of art, and as they filled with tears, he put his arms about the young artist and said, "Oh, Leonardo, my son, I paint no more." Leonardo had not only done his best, but he had done well.

Have you ever felt called to do some work for Christ and felt the delicacy and sanctity of it, and thought that the best you could do would only be poor and unworthy? Kneel down, and for "the Master's sake," pray for wisdom and for strength and then "do your best" and leave the rest with

God, remembering that you are not responsible for success but only for doing the best you can.

W. E. B.

The Untuned Harp *Filling of the Spirit, The Need of Reconsecration*

39

Rev. 3.20; Jer. 2.19; Gal. 2.20; Phil. 3.21

A strange instrument hung on an old castle wall—so the legend runs. No one knew its use. Its strings were broken and covered with dust. Those who saw it wondered what it was and how it had been used. Then, one day, a stranger came to the castle and entered the hall. His eyes saw the dark object on the wall; taking it down, he reverently brushed the dust from its sides, and tenderly reset its broken strings. Then chords, long silent, broke beneath his touch, and all hearts were strangely thrilled as he played. It was the master, long absent, who had come back again to the castle.

It is but a legend, yet the meaning is plain. In every human soul there hangs a marvelous harp, dust-covered, with strings broken, while yet the Master's hand has not found it. But the Master is at the door. Let him enter and repair the strings that sin has broken, and sweep them with his skilful fingers, and you will then go out to sing through all the day,

"Oh, could the tender Christ but brush away,
And o'er the slumbering tones his fingers sweep,
A world would pause to catch the echoing chord
Of music 'neath the touch of God."

F. R. Miller.

"In Manus Tuas, Domine" ***Faith, The Victory of***
by Briton Riviere

40

I John 5.4; Rev. 15.2; Ps. 23.4; Eph. 6.16

In the Manchester Art Gallery there is a famous picture by Briton Riviere, entitled, "In Manus Tuas, Domine!" of which the artist says, "I have failed indeed if the story does not carry some lesson to ourselves today, whatever be our doubts or fears." The message it conveys is the victory of faith.

The picture represents a fair-haired young knight clad in armor and seated upon a white charger whose downcast head, quivering nostrils and quivering limbs denote intense fear. At the charger's feet there crouch three bloodhounds, also gazing before them in terror. Behind the knight is the forest glade through which he has just passed, rich in green sward and sun-kissed paths, but the path in front is full of gloom and unknown terrors. In his fear the knight is at one with the trembling brutes, but he has that within him that raises him above them and gives him aid. It is faith. Lifting his sword before his face, it forms itself into a cross.

"Into thy hands, O Lord," he says and goes forward.

He conquers fear by faith, and by it, "though he walk through the valley of the shadow, he will fear no evil."

J. Burns.

"Magdalene at the Door of	***Guilt, Conscious of***
Simon the Pharisee"	***Forgiveness***
by Dante Gabriel Rossetti	***Repentance***
	Eyes of Jesus, The
	Holiness of God, The

41

I John 1.9; Eph. 1.4; Lev. 11.44; Eph. 5.27

Among the pictures which the artist Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the English painter and poet, whose mastery of color seemed to have come by instinct, is one entitled "Magdalene at the door of Simon, the Pharisee."

By reason of the opportunity afforded of bringing him into the kingdom, Jesus had no scruples against the hospitality of a sinner. In this painting by Rossetti He is sitting in Simon's home with His face just visible through the window. Mary Magdalene, one of the gay and bedizened leaders of Jerusalem's speedy life, is hurrying down the street with a rollicking, reveling group of like-minded companions trooping along with her. Her unconfined hair hangs careless about her shoulders, her loose-flowing garments drape themselves in graceful curves about her shapely form, and the whole scene, so far as she and her companions are concerned, is one of free, easy, and full abandon.

What a blessed fate it was, if you wish to call it fate, that caused her eyes, as she hurried by, to meet the painful gaze of those two other eyes just inside the window and caused her to "tremble like a guilty thing surprised." They were the eyes of Jesus, calm as a mirror-lake in the mountains and piercing as a dagger; as they met the eyes of the Magdalene, the face that had been flushed with the excitement of passioned pleasure was blanched with blank horror and dismay. She knew herself to be in the presence of the spotless purity of the Son of God and she was filled with loathing and contempt for herself because of her sins.

It is ever thus with the guilty soul when it meets the gaze of Jesus. This is as true of the child of God as it is of the one who knows Him not. To have fallen in the hour of strong temptation, to have gone down deep into sin, and then to have Him stand before you and to meet the look in His eyes! Oh, the shame and the remorse of it all! But there is something in His eyes other than the look of judgment. There is pity there, mingled with grace and mercy, and it is this look that melts the heart and makes the tears of penitence flow. Oh guilty one, child of God or otherwise, do you know your sin and hate the memory of it? Is your soul smarting under the lash of a guilty conscience? Do you want forgiveness, do you want peace, and the life of power? Then look into the love-lit eyes of Jesus and you will find it all there, for while those eyes speak with terror to the hard-hearted and unrepentant, they gleam with tender mercy to such as are of a contrite spirit. Take then His forgiveness and resolve henceforth to accomplish more fully His will.

W. E. B.

Sir Michael Costa
Misses the Piccolo

Faithful in Little Things
Shirking Duty
Responsibility

42

Zech. 4.10; Eccles. 9.10; Num. 10.31; Judges 2.23

Sir Michael Costa was a great musical director. It is said of him that once, when a great production was being rendered, he missed the sound of one of the smaller instruments and stopped the recital to discover what was wrong.

As the great chorus of nearly a thousand voices rang out with the deep thunder of the organ, the clanging of the cymbals and the roll of the drums, with violin, and flute, and horn, great waves of rich, grand, powerful music rolled throughout the vast building. And the piccolo player far up in the corner thought to himself, "In all this din of noise the sound of my little instrument will not be missed." So he ceased to play. Instantly, the great conductor threw up his hands and signaled for quiet; immediately they ceased to play, he cried aloud, "Where is the piccolo?" His trained ear missed its note; for him the recital was marred, because the little instrument was not doing its part. You may be sure that God misses your note of praise and thanksgiving if it does not rise to Him, and that all the music of the universe will be richer and sweeter for your part in it, however small.

But there's another lesson here. In God's economy for the onswinging betterment of this world, He has a place for you and for me. Little and insignificant we may be, but there's a part for each of us to take and no one else can take it. The great question with God is, how to get along without us if we fail. Whatsoever then be thy part, "whatsoever thy hands findeth to do, do it with thy might."

W. E. B.

Michelangelo's "Day and Night"

Growth
Perfection, Going on unto Immortality, The Need of Unfinished Lives

43

Rom. 7.24; Phil. 1.6; Heb. 6.1; I John 3.2

There is one piece of statuary which Michelangelo never finished. It is his famous carving "Night and Day" on the tomb of one of his princely patrons in the Chapel of San Lorenzo at Florence. Night is represented by a sleeping woman and Day by a man just awake to the light that streams about him. This latter figure he left unfinished. The limbs are wrought out but the face and head are in the rough. Some interruption overtook the sculptor's chisel and what he wrought is but a mute and pathetic prophecy of the finished product he meant to leave the world.

How like that unfinished statue your life and mine really is. We too have had the touch of a Master's hand upon us, but about us, as about the statue, there is still that painful sense of the incomplete, and in the one as in the other there is that unmistakable prophecy of the perfection the Master had in mind. But "we are His workmanship" and one day the Master, whose hand has been upon us through all these years, will finish His work.

As you stand in the presence of Angelo's creation it seems as if it were conscious of its imprisoned beauty and of its present deformity and as if it were struggling to throw off its marble shroud and be the ideal that lived in its master's soul. And is not the whole creation groaning and waiting for its manifestation time—the day of its redemption? "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," but the Master Workman never leaves His task unfinished, and one day "when He shall appear" we shall look into His face and we shall see reflected back no longer our own deformity and imperfection, but we shall see an image like unto His own, for, "When we see Him as He is we shall be like Him."

W. E. B.

"Dropping the Pilot" ***Leadership of Christ, The***
Death, The Need of Christ in
Guidance, Divine

44

Col. 1.27; Rom. 8.14; Job 32.8; Ps. 23.4

A westbound Atlantic steamer was having a serious time in the dense fog off the coast of Newfoundland. The officers had completely lost their bearings; they knew well they were in treacherous waters, and for three days crew and passengers were filled with anxiety and suspense. On the fourth day the ship, from main deck to steerage, rang with cheers. Out of the thick gloom a little sloop had come bearing a pilot and, as the great grizzled master of the seas clambered up the distressed vessel's side and took the wheel, both passengers and crew knew deliverance had come. Can you imagine them refusing to take the pilot on! What folly to sail uncertain waters without a pilot!

Shortly after Wilhelm II was crowned Emperor of Germany there appeared that famous picture, "Dropping the Pilot." One of the first things Kaiser Wilhelm did after ascending the throne was to break with Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, whose sterling statesmanship had made Germany what she was. The waters were rough and the storm clouds were hanging low and the great ship was standing out to sea. Alongside was the pilot's boat, so familiar to all who cross the ocean; the pilot was going down the ladder. From that hour, surely and sometimes swiftly Germany was riding to destruction.

What is true of the ship of state is equally true of the bark of one's own life. To sail life's sea without the Great Pilot on board is a sad and serious mistake. In the experiences of student life, in the days of apprenticeship, in commercial, in political and in domestic life there are problems to be solved, dangerous situations to be met and temptations of every sort to be overcome. On every sea you sail you will find yourself at times with Scylla on one side and Charybdis on the other; the song of the Sirens will sound in your ears, magnetic rocks like those that broke the ships of Sinbad will lie anon athwart your course, and all too often the waters will be storm-tossed and treacherous. Whatever else you do, don't start out without the Pilot and don't drop Him when well out to sea. Remember that you will need Him most when crossing the bar and amid the breakers of the farther shore.

"Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me."

Millet ***Consecration***
A Christian First ***Consistency***
God, Putting Him First

45

Matt. 6.33; Gen. 1.1; Exod. 32.29; Rom. 12.2

There comes to my mind one who was once an honored officer in the church of God and a leader in Christian work. In middle life he changed his profession and became a lawyer, and immediately began to make shipwreck of his faith and of his Christian experience. This has been true of hundreds in business and professions of every kind. God pity us, if in reaching after success we must forget the one thing of highest importance, which keeps no man from success and is worth more than all the combined successes the world can possibly bring.

When Millet, whose "Angelus" captivated the whole art-loving world, was about to depart from his home for Paris, where he was to become a pupil of Delaroche, his pious, old grandmother said to him, "I would rather see you dead than unfaithful to God's commands." And when he was just coming into his glory as one of the greatest painters of his day, this same woman, whose influence made itself felt in every picture he painted, reminded him, "Remember, my son, that you were a Christian before you were a painter."

A Christian first! This is the advice that every child of God must heed. Whether we are business people or professional people, whether in the family, the factory or the field, we must be Christians first.If we forget this, we bring disaster to ourselves and dishonor to the cause we represent. If all Christians remember it they will revolutionize the world.

W. E. B.

Antonio Rotta's
"Nothing to be Done"

Hope, Never Beyond
Salvation to the Uttermost

46

I Tim. 1.15; II Cor. 13.11; I John 3.8; Heb. 7.25

In closing his Second Epistle to the Corinthians Paul said, ''Finally, brethren, be perfected.'' That's the way the Revised Version expresses it. The Authorized Version makes Paul say, ''Finally, brethren, be perfect,'' and some have laid hold on this word ''perfect'' and made Paul sponsor for what he does not really teach. The Greek word really means to ''get repaired,'' to ''be mended.'' It is the word the fishermen used when talking about fixing their nets when they had torn a hole in them. Thank God, the human soul, so far as its Great Restorer is concerned, is never beyond repair.

There is a celebrated painting that carries the title, ''Nothing to be done.'' It is one of Antonio Rotta's scenes of Venetian peasant life. A young girl has brought a pair of shoes to the village cobbler to be repaired. It is a typical old-fashioned shoe-repair shop, and the old cobbler at his bench looks the part of a connoisseur in his humble but most useful art. The painting is done with all the minute detail for which the artist was justly noted. The bird cages, the old Chianti flask on the shelf humbly filling the office of a container for shoe-oil, the implements of trade, and the old shoes on the floor—have all been the recipients of the artist's most careful attention. The old cobbler is not unacquainted with hard tasks in his line of work. Scattered about the floor are specimens of hard-worn shoes, some of them looking hopelessly beyond redemption, but all in their turn are to experience a decided change for the better in the hands of the aged tradesman for whom it would seem nothing could be too difficult. The shoes brought in by the peasant girl have certainly done full duty. She looks as if she rather expected an unfavorable verdict. The old cobbler holds one of the shoes in his left hand, gives it a close examination with his experienced eye, and sees that any attempt at mending is entirely out of the question. With a deprecating gesture of his upturned right hand, he shakes his head and says, "Nothing to be done." Here was one case that was hopeless indeed.

But, thank God, in the case of the human soul there is always something to be done. No man has ever gone so far down in sin but that Jesus Christ can reach that far down and lift him up. No man has ever gone so far away from God but that God's voice can reach him there and call him back to the place of hope. No man has ever been so bound with the chains of error, of passion, or of sin of any kind but that God's Almighty Son can snap the fetters and set him free. No man has ever so worn himself walking the way of the transgressor but that there is One who can make him completely over and cause him to walk the path of righteousness for His Name's sake. Then what am I going to do if I break down along the way, if I find myself worn and disappointed and disheartened? Thow up my hands and quit? No, blessed be God for His marvelous provision, I am going to His repair shop and "get mended," "get perfected," for there I shall find forgiveness full and free, grace for the coming hour of need, and power to do always the will of God if I would have it so.

"Grace there is my every debt to pay,
  Blood to wash my every sin away;
Power to keep me spotless day by day,
  For me; for me."

W. E. B.

Frances Havergal and the Aeolian Harp

Holy Spirit, The Need of
Holy Spirit, The Filling of

47

Eph. 5.18; Ps. 138.3; Rom. 8.2; Eph. 3.16

A story comes from the pen of Frances Ridley Havergal which furnishes a splendid illustration of what the Holy Spirit can do in and for a human soul, and which gives us an example of the imperative need of His ministry in human life.

There had come to her as a gift from a dear friend a musical instrument which is known as the Aeolian Harp. Miss Havergal took the harp and prepared herself for what she expected would be some exceptionally entrancing music, but as she thrummed its seven strings she was deeply disappointed. The music was of the most common sort with nothing about it to enrapture or to thrill. There had come with the harp a letter describing the wonderful sweetness of its tones and giving explicit directions as to how they might be produced. She had given the letter but a passing glance, but now in her disappointment she turned to it again and read carefully its instructions. When in obedience to the directions given she raised the window and placed the harp in position where the wind could sweep across its strings, the melody that filled the room was as if the music had been wafted down from the angel-harps of heaven. It took the breath of heaven to bring the music out.

Just so it is with the human soul. It is a harp that needs the touch of diviner fingers than any man can lay upon the strings. Man may not be utterly impotent and much that is sweet and full of charm his fingers may bring forth, but it is only when the breath of God, the Holy Spirit, sweeps across the strings that the noblest music can be called forth to charm and cheer and bless the world. Surely this is what Paul meant when he said, "Be filled with the Spirit . . . making melody in your heart unto the Lord."

> "Come Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
> With all Thy quickening powers;
> Kindle a flame of sacred love
> In these cold hearts of ours."

W. E. B.

Signor Vitelli and His Five Thousand Dollar Violin

Spirit Filled Life, The Holy Spirit, The Need of

48

Zech. 4.6; Rom. 6.19; Acts 1.8; John 11.28

It was announced that Signor Vitelli would play upon his five-thousand dollar violin, in the great Auditorium at Ocean Grove. The huge building, seating twelve thousand people, was packed. When the great musician came upon the stage, he was met with thunderous applause. He took a violin from the table; drawing the bow across the strings, he made it give out some of the most marvelous music the audience had ever heard. His bow trembled like the wing of a bird, and in every quiver there was an ecstasy of music, rapturous and sublime. Then something seemed to go wrong; he turned one of the tuning pegs of the violin and drew the bow across the strings, but the music did not seem to please him. He touched another peg, and then another, and again he tried the instrument, but something was plainly going wrong. The audience noticed a scowl settling down upon his features. He tried again and again, and seemed to be losing control of himself. Once more he turned the pegs, and tested the strings; then suddenly, he grasped the violin by the neck and broke it into a hundred fragments over a chair by his side. Half the great audience sprang to their feet, as if to rebuke the man for such an unwarranted display of temper and for the destruction of so costly an instrument. But godly Father Stokes arose and motioned the audience back, and said, "Friends, Signor Vitelli was only trying to teach us a lesson. There are so many people who seem to think that if only they had a violin like Signor Vitelli's, they could bring forth music as he does. But Signor Vitelli wanted us to know that after all, the music is not so much in the instrument as in the master. The violin which Signor Vitelli just destroyed cost $1.28; he will now play upon his five thousand dollar violin." And then the great artist picked up his own instrument, and although the music was wonderful indeed, it would have doubtless taken a better musician than you or I to have told the difference.

It is exactly so in the Christian life; so many of us think that if we had a better equipment, some native ability, more education or culture, we too could do something of the great work we have seen others accomplish. But we must learn the lesson that skill is not, after all, so much in the instrument, as in the master. The Holy Spirit is waiting to master your life, to fill it and to furnish it with divine equipment. Yield your life to Him, let Him have His way with the instrument, and see what He will do.

W. E. B.

Ole Bull and
The Hermit

Holy Spirit, The Power of
Yielded Life, The

49

Exod. 4.2, 17; Rom. 5.3; Luke 24.49; Phil. 4.13

It is said that Ole Bull was one time going through one of the great forests of our country, and in the evening time he came upon the cabin of a hermit and found it necessary to spend the night there. The old hermit had been disappointed in the affairs of life; as the years grew upon him, he had determined to seek the quiet and seclusion of the woods and there to spend the rest of his life alone. As the night deepened, the two men sat by the fireside; on the wall of the hut there hung a violin. It was an old, second-hand sort of instrument, but the hermit used it to help him while away some of his lonely hours. He thought to entertain the stranger, who had thus unexpectedly become his guest, and taking down the violin he began to play upon it. He played a few, simple snatches of music, and ended up by playing "America," and "Home, Sweet Home." He was about to hang the instrument up again, when Ole Bull said, "Do you think I could do that?"

"Well," said the hermit, "I hardly think you could. It took me a good many years to learn to play like that; but if you wish, you can try."

He handed the violin over to the stranger, and you know what Ole Bull did with it. He drew the bow over the strings after his marvelous fashion, and such music the old hermit never heard before in all of his life. He made music that sounded like the roll of thunder, the fall of a cataract, and the beating of the surf upon the shore; he made the strings sob like a broken-hearted child, and sing like the sweet nightingale of the forest. And then Ole Bull played "America" for the hermit, and then he played "Home, Sweet Home." He played it as only Ole Bull could play it, and as no one, they tell us, has ever been able to play it since. The hermit sat as if he were in a trance, and great tears rolled down his cheeks and he said, "Who might you be, Sir?" And as Old Bull handed the violin back he gave the old man to understand that he had been sitting in the presence of the world's master violinist.

The illustration in this story is so plain, I hardly need to refer to it. It was the same violin, the same instrument; but what a difference, when in the hands of the master! How like the lives of so many Christians,—like, possibly, your life and mine,—poor, weak, second-rate, and often but a miserable excuse for what a Christian ought to be. But what a difference there would be if we should only hand the instrument over to the Master and let Him have His way with it!

W. E. B.

Thomas Hovarden's *Home Influence*
"Breaking Home Ties" *Parental Responsibility*

50

Titus 2.4; II Kings 20:15; Gen. 18.19; I Tim. 5.4

Eddie Guest says, "It takes a heap o' livin' in a house to make it home." It was a real home that Thomas Hovarden held in fancy before him as he spread upon the canvas what is without doubt the best work he ever did, the picture with the title, "Breaking Home Ties." The room in the Art Gallery of the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893 where this painting hung held the throng longest; every heart was doubtless stirred and the eyes of many filled with tears.

It is an old-fashioned home. A young man, a fine-looking youth, hat in hand, is saying "Good-bye." He is going out into the world of his dreams which he hopes and earnestly intends to conquer. This now justly famous canvas is all aglow with sentiment of the richest, rarest sort. It is full of warm-hearted, tender emotion. Even the Scotch collie is all a-quiver, sensing that something unusual is taking place. The father, of course, will conceal his emotion by bravely carrying the old-fashioned carpet-bag to the carriage. Grandmother, still sitting at the table from which the boy has just taken his last meal, seems to be dreaming of days long past. The older sister sits thoughtful by the mantle, and the younger one stands by the door looking as if she were about to lose out of her life all that was really worthwhile.

But the thing that holds the eye is the parting of mother and son. The mother stands in the very center of the picture, her hands upon her son's shoulders and her eyes looking straight into his. The artist might have pictured her crying upon his shoulder, but instead she stands erect in fine composure, and you can almost hear the words of motherly counsel falling from her lips as with her blessing she sends the lad out into the waiting world. In such a scene there is, of course, the element of sadness and yearning and heartache in general; but the artist never painted the picture for that, for back of all this and back of the thought of the great big world with its opportunities, its duties and its problems there is the thought of the fine equipment furnished a young man by a home like that as he goes out from its yearning arms into the great battle of life that awaits him. This is the picture's great lesson.

Home ought to be a veritable Garden of Hesperides where only golden fruit is grown. But how can you expect a holy character to grow in the midst of the environment furnished by so many of our homes today! You might as well expect flowers to grow underneath the snows of the Klondyke. What a colossal responsibility is the rearing of a child! Fathers and mothers of the young, what about the home influences? Good advice is golden, but remember example is more powerful than precept. Those precious little ones of yours are one day to go forth from underneath the parental roof and temptation is going to come to them. How are they going to meet it? Are they going to stand before it with all the virility and force of a parent's good character built into their soul, or are they going down in the battle for the want of it?

W. E. B.

Frances Ridley Havergal and Her Noble Confession

Holy Life, The Power of Witnessing for Christ

51

Mark 8.38; Matt. 5.16; Rom. 1.16; Matt. 26.34

Frances Ridley Havergal was a devoted Christian as well as an accomplished singer. She was once a guest at an occasion where many distinguished people, including the King himself, were present. A famous Italian *prima donna* had been engaged to furnish entertainment for the brilliant audience, and after a number of exquisite renditions Miss Havergal was invited to sing. She hesitated. You know, she had written among other songs,

"Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only for my King."

But from the drift of the evening and other indications she knew they were not ready for anything like that. She paused a moment in uncertainty, then stepped to the piano and made a most exquisite rendering of certain parts of Handel's most difficult oratorios. Then even before the applause ceased she began to sing to her own accompaniment the words of her most deeply spiritual poems for which her pen had become so noted. She sang,

"Oh, Savior, precious Savior,
Whom yet unseen we love,
Oh name of might and favor,
All other names above."

Among the very first to congratulate her was the renowned Italian artist. The *prima donna* said to her, "You have something I do not have and I want it."

It is not only true that much of the value of real music lies in the quality of the soul that renders it, but there is an attraction in the manifestation of sincere and genuine Christian experience that overcomes prejudice and melts down opposition and dissipates barriers until men and women come to want that Christian experience as their own.

W. E. B.

The Young Artist and His Master's Brush

The Holy Spirit, The Filling of
Indwelling of the Spirit, The

52

Eph. 5.18; Rom. 8.9; I Cor. 3.16; Ezek. 36.27

I used to be fond of Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ," and I am fond of it even now; but I have long since discovered that something must go before that. Titian was a good imitator, but he never became a great painter until he got away from his master's models and got an inspiration of his own. A story is told of a novice who copied with exact carefulness a master's models. One day the painter died, and the Italian boy, longing to be an artist, knocked at the door of the studio; when it opened, he said, "Please, madam, will you give me the master's brush?" And the lady said, "This is his brush; you may try it." But he found that he could paint no better with it than with his own. But if he could have caught in some way the master's spirit; if the master could have infused into his brain in some way his own fine sense of beauty, and into his hand his own marvelous skill, then the young artist could have painted as fair a picture as the other.

If, instead of imitating what we have learned of a life once lived by a Christ now gone away into heaven, we could let Him come and dwell in us by his Holy Spirit, our life, instead of being a series of heart-rending failures and dismal disappointments, would be a life something like His own, and the beauty of holiness would be upon us.

W. E. B.

Anton Mauve's
"Sheep in Autumn"

Heaven
Death
Hope

53

I Peter 1.3; Eph. 2.12; John 14.2; Heb. 11.13

Anton Mauve is justly famous for his droves of sheep. He paints them in all seasons and in every kind of weather. Visiting the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City quite recently I found myself studying a bit longer than is usual with the general run of pictures two of his most noted works, one entitled, ‘‘Sheep in Spring,’’ and the other, ‘‘Sheep in Autumn.’’ They hang on the same wall and are best studied together. It was ‘‘Sheep in Autumn,’’ however that especially held my attention. It is a picture of the sheep going home. The leaves and the grass have ripened into a reddish brown, and by this Mauve would have us know that it is Autumn and that the end of the pasturing season has come. The journey to the sheepfold is a long one, and the little lambs, born to their mothers since they went out to pasture, lag behind, a bit weary of the march; one of the weakest of the little ones the shepherd tenderly carries in his arms. By the long shadows the artist would have us know it is also evening time.

Have you seen the picture? One becomes serious as he finds himself standing before it. It speaks of another long journey—the journey of life, of the eventime and of the going home. Say what you will, my friend, it is not an easy thing to face death when you are without hope and without God in the world, but no man on his deathbed ever repented of being a Christian. In the eventime the shepherd leads the sheep home, and if you contrast the death of one who is without Christ with a Christian’s dying the difference is to be seen in just that. The one is going, he knows not whither, but he is not ‘‘going home.’’ At best it is a strange, dark land into which he enters with bewildered steps. But the Christian, thank God, at eventide the Shepherd leads home. One day for you and one day for me the journey will begin, and we will say, "Whither now?," and the Great Shepherd of the sheep will say, "Home."

W. E. B.

Sigismundi Goetze's
"Despised and Rejected
of Men"

Indifference
World, The Grip of the
Commercialism, The Curse of
Rejecting Christ

54

Lam. 1.12; Acts 18.17; John 5.40; Isa. 53.3

Few pictures placed on exhibition in the world's great galleries have caused greater sensation than the painting by Sigismundi Goetze called, "Despised and Rejected of Men," and but recently hung in the Royal Academy of London. The canvas centers, of course, about the thorn-crowned and spear-riven Son of Man, but this time He is exposed in one of the world's busy thoroughfares, where the feverish and hurried hosts of modern life roll by. Business, toil, profession, pleasure, and even the church—all are represented here, but all alike are indifferent to the Man of Sorrows, whose touch upon their lives might mean so much for them. But the workman with his pick, the sportsman with his riding whip, the devotee of society, the scientist, the soldier, the newsboy shouting the sensation of the hour, the mother with her babe, and even the priest are either unaware that He is near, or, knowing, do not care. Of all the throng, only the hospital nurse turns her eyes upon the strange, and yet familiar figure, but hers is a look of alarm, and not of concern.

The painter has, indeed, turned preacher and the sermon of his palette and brush is more graphic and incisive than any delivered from pulpit for many a day. How pathetically, how terribly, how alarmingly true it all is. And yet, something is lacking to make the picture all it ought to be. If at the base of the richly carved pillar there was kneeling one of the saints of God, the canvas would have been immortalized far beyond its present glory. All have not gone with the multitude. Alexander, Caesar and others like them, have founded kingdoms with the sword; today these kingdoms and their founders are but memories in the history of man. Jesus founded His Kingdom with the Cross; today there are millions who would die for him.

W. E. B.

A "Rubens" Discovered in the Rubbish

Recovering the Lost Image of God, The Christlikeness

55

Gen. 1.26; Luke 15.32; Col. 1.28; Col. 2.4

A great picture by Rubens was discovered in an old picture shop in the Gresham Road in London. An expert with a keen eye went to the sale, and amid a heterogeneous lot of rubbish he detected under the grime and soot and dust of years a masterpiece of Rubens.

Crushing down the quiver that came into his voice, he asked the picture dealer in as calm a tone as he could, what he would take for this old bit of canvas. The picture dealer looked at it and said, "I will give it to you for thirty-five shillings." The thirty-five shillings were in the seller's hands in a minute. The purchaser took the canvas home, got it cleansed and restored, and out from the grime and dust there shines today a picture by Rubens worth two thousand pounds.

God can detect, under the failing and the fainting, the grime and the dust of His weakest child's faith, the masterpiece of His Son. His likeness shines through your experience, and the Lord can read the facings of His own uniform. He never makes a mistake and only in this uniform will He save you.

C. Lee Cook.

"The Sphinx"
by Gèrome

Immortality
Silence of the Future, The Destiny

56

Job 14.10; John 11.25; I Peter 1.3; John 6.68

Man has always been pretty much of a puzzle to himself. He sometimes wonders where he came from, what he is here for and where he is going. The whole thing is a mystery—that is, it is, if he isn't willing to permit God to supply him with the information.

One of the really great pictures in the world of art is that known as "The Sphinx," painted by Gèrome and hanging in one of the galleries of Paris. If you have ever seen the Sphinx you know how it lifts its massive head in somber silence out of the desert plains of Egypt, and seemingly unmindful of the affairs of a pigmy, fleeting world like ours, gazes far out into the distance where the eyes of man cannot follow. In a most dramatic way the painter has emphasized this conception in the incident he portrays upon his canvas.

The picture relates to the first campaign of Napoleon in Egypt. Thirty thousand fierce Mamelukes are waiting never doubting that they will utterly annihilate the little Frenchman and all his army. Out in the dim distance before the Sphinx can be seen the mighty marching army of Napoleon. The artist would have us understand by this stretch of space that no sound of any kind, no beat of drum, no blare of trumpet, no clash of sword, no tramp of chargers' feet could disturb the silence. The Sphinx and the majestic figure of Napoleon, "the dearest hero of France" sitting motionless on his famous white horse before it, dominate the entire scene. Napoleon has ridden away from his fighting legions, and, reigning in his steed before the Sphinx, looks up into its dreamy face as if he would have it speak and tell him of the destiny that awaits him.

But the Sphinx is silent; with steady gaze it looks on the world's great warrior, and there comes from its stony lips no hint of Marengo, of Austerlitz, of Friedland and Wagram, of the Battle of the Nations at Leipsic, and the one whose name they do not put with the others in the mosaic wreath that encircles his tomb in Paris—Waterloo. No hint of the lonely rock out in the ocean.

What a lesson here for us. O Christ, "To Whom shall we go? Thou alone hast the words of eternal life." Whence came I? If I ask Nature, the best she can give is a guess, and a poor one at that. Whither am I going? Ask Nature and, consistent with her evolutionary hypothesis, the best she can say is: the cremation house or the cemetery. Philosophy can theorize, Non-Christian religion can surmise; but as for any definite, acceptable, satisfying knowledge they must perforce become as silent as the stony Sphinx which for so many thousands of years has stood amid the shifting sands of Egypt. Whence came life, and Why am I here, and "If a man die, shall he live again?," Who is sufficient, if not God, for questionings of the human soul like these? Made in His image, fresh from the hand of God, made with the privilege of serving one's own age, redeemed by His blessed Son, given the hope of the glory beyond the grave, how should this not make our hearts beat fast with joy and lead us to glad surrender to His will. Oh, men and women, redeemed by His blood, are we living and serving as the sons of God ought to live and serve?

W. E. B.

"The Creation" by Haydn

Ingratitude, Bountifulness of God, The

57

James 1.17; Ps. 116.2; Ps. 137.5; Luke 17.17

Out of the last years of the life of Haydn, the matchless musician, comes an incident of gripping interest and stirring power, and whenever I think of the thoughtless ingratitude of mankind to the Giver of every good thing and every perfect gift this story of the renowned composer of the oratorio known as "Creation" comes into my mind.

In the Music Hall at Vienna in the year 1808 a rendition of this production was being made by a number of celebrated artists assisted by an equally celebrated orchestra and a great chorus of well-trained singers. Haydn himself was there, having been brought into the hall in a wheel-chair. The performance began, and as it proceeded from line to line it carried the audience into a transport of almost irrepressible enthusiasm. As the passage, "And there was light!" was reached, and the chorus and orchestra burst forth in full power, the vast assembly, keyed to a higher pitch by the presence of the venerable author, could no longer restrain itself.

In the midst of the tumult the enraptured throng by one spontaneous impulse leaped to its feet. The aged composer was seen struggling in an effort to rise from his wheel-chair; upon his feet, with the rapturous applause of the people ringing in his ears, he motioned for a moment of silence, and, lifting his hand high toward heaven, he cried with all the strength he could muster, "No, No, not from me, but from thence comes all." When he had so cried out, giving to God the glory and the praise, he fell back in his chair weakened and exhausted, and was taken from the hall before the moistened eyes and solemnized hearts of the admiring crowd.

"From thence, from God cometh all!" And yet there is this ingratitude that cares not and accepts his bounty with less of recognition than a brute that eats from his master's hand. He is the author of every good that falls across our way, and yet, while some there are who sing with really appreciative hearts, "'Praise God from Whom all Blessing Flow'' the multitude surges thoughtlessly along with never a note of praise on its lips and never an impulse of gratitude in its heart.

> " 'There is no God,' the fool hath said,
> But none, 'There is no sorrow,'
> And nature of its bitter need,
> The cry of faith will borrow.
> "And lips cry, 'God be merciful.'
> That ne'er said, 'God be praised.' "

W. E. B.

Phidias and His Statue of Minerva

Perspective, The True Judgment Time, God's Reward for Real Merit

58

Ps. 19.9; I Sam. 16.7; Acts 17.31; Rom. 2.6

Phidias, who carved his own image so deeply in his celebrated statue of Minerva that it could not be removed without destroying the stone itself, was the preeminent sculptor of his day. In no work more than in the creation of this statue was his brilliant genius revealed. It was designed for the Acropolis at Athens and was made in competition with Alcamenes, another famous sculptor of that day. Both of these artists were employed to make an image of Minerva, and the citizens were to pass judgment between the two. The work of Alcamenes was most delicately wrought having every line and feature faultless, while that of Phidias was rough and angular and seemed to the people crude and ill-proportioned. The decision was accordingly made in favor of Alcamenes. But Phidias asked that judgment be suspended until the statues were in place. And lo! as they were elevated to the great height where the statue was to rest, the minute beauties of the one by Alcamenes began to fade away as did likewise the sharp line and irregularities of the one by Phidias, until what the citizens had declared a mediocre work stood forth in almost faultless perfection.

Ah, this world's judgment is very often like that—blind to real worth which often suffers in comparison with the less meritorious, because we lack the true perspective. In the common round of life there are unrecognized heroisms as grand as any the world has ever sung, devotion and death for love and for duty's sake that is grand and glorious and beautiful, and heaven holds a laurel for many a brow which we have left unwreathed because our perspective has been a faulty one. So even truth is marred and the soul falls into sin.

W. E. B.

The Criminal Hunted Down

Sin, The Wages of
Judgment, The
Punishment, Future

59

Num. 32.23; Gal. 6.7; Matt. 5.26; James 1.15

In the British National Gallery there is a famous picture of a detective laying his hand on the shoulder of an escaped convict who is in the act of stepping into a carriage to ride away. The felon's face has a color like ashes and is distorted with ghastly horror. Art critics have called it melodramatic, extravagant and overwrought, but those who are familiar with actual experiences of this kind vouch for the reality of just such depictions on the face of a criminal when justice has at last hunted him down and he knows that its iron clutch means death.

I have sometimes wondered and thought, and started back with horror as I did it, of the ghastly distortion that must go spreading over the face of the scoffer and the critic and the infidel when at last in the other world his sin has hunted him down and he realizes that the hell at which he laughed in life is one of the most fearful realities in God's after-world, and that he must spend all his eternity within its confines. Never, I beseech you, in God's name, test that reality.

W. E. B.

The Artist on
The Ocean Rock

Judgment, The Coming
Unconcern of the Soul, The
World, The Grip of the
Preoccupation

60

Luke 21.34-36; II Cor. 5.11; Rom. 12.2

Some men are so absorbed in the things of this world that not only Heaven with its attractions has no charm, but Hell with its oncoming terrors has no alarm for them.

Some artist has painted for us the picture of another artist who has found a convenient spot on the top of an ocean rock from which to paint upon his canvas the beauty of the landscape round about him. Here is the nestling village and yonder the verdure-covered mountain—the sea and the sky; all these flow into his vision and he paints them, all unconscious that the returning tide is surging about the base of the rock which had been left dry by the outflow. Higher and higher rises the tide. Already escape is cut off, and the waves, more angry as the ocean rises, beat against the rock. But the artist, absorbed in the scenery and in his painting, gives no heed to the waves, no heed to the tempest or the voice of friends from the shore warning him of his danger. And while he paints, death gathers about him and creeps closer and closer upon him.

Even so are some men absorbed in this world;

urged on by a lust for its wealth and its ambitions, fascinated and held by its worldly charms, they live on all unconscious of the great tide of God's judgment, which is rolling surely toward them, closer and closer, day by day. Unalarmed by the gathering tempest, unmoved by the warning of friends, they sit unconscious of their peril until the time of escape is gone forever and they go down into death and into the black waters of despair, a monument to their own folly. God pity us if we live like that!

W. E. B.

"The Vale of Tears" ***Second Coming of Christ, The Kingdom, The Coming***

61

Luke 19.12; Luke 1.32, 33; Matt. 24.30; Dan. 7.14

Some of the greatest productions of brush and palette have come to us out of the Valley of Shadow just when the artist was at the place where two worlds meet. It was in those hours when the great religious painter Correggio called for his materials and gave us his masterpiece, "The Angels." It was likewise when the last grains were running through the hour-glass of his life that Dore painted for us his magnificent "Vale of Tears." When you go to London if you visit the

Royal Academy and stand before this picture it will hold you wrapt in worshipful wonder as few other pictures ever can.

There is a deep valley in which the world is gathered. Its life is represented by the king and the conqueror, by the humble and the poor and the suffering as well. A beautiful light rarer than sun has ever known floods the valley with a glory as from the throne of God. In very truth the light is celestial, for at the head of the valley stands the Christ and all the light of the picture shines from Him. The world is at His feet, and we have in this painting a picture of the world's redemption. Kings take off their crowns before Him; and to Him, the Prince of Peace, the conquerors of the earth hand their swords. The dying mother holds out her child to Him, and even as He says, "Suffer the little ones to come" He gives the mother the healing touch of His hand, while the lepers are cleansed and the lame are made to walk and run.

Thank God, that time is coming! Have we not in a measure seen it unfolding itself in the march of the nineteen centuries gone? But one day in fuller measure, with a sovereignty all complete His kingdom indeed shall come. The Nobleman "has gone into a far country to receive for Himself a kingdom and to return." Every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess. Till that day it is ours so to live and serve and fight for the world's Ruler and Redeemer until we shall come at last with Hallelujahs on our lips and lay as the glad offering of the ages and a lost world transformed by the glory of sacrifice at the feet of Him whose right alone it is to rule, and Who shall reign in righteousness forever and forever.

W. E. B.

Agassiz and the Microscope

Meditation, The Value of
Prayer, Secret
Deep Things of God, Knowing the

62

II Kings 6.20; Ps. 115.5; Ps. 31.20; Ps. 1.2

Professor Agassiz once approached the instrument of a celebrated microscopist, but paused and said, "Tell me what I am to see." The microscopist delighted, answered, "You are a man after my own heart. You recognize that there must be a prepared mind to enable the eye to see rightly."

We see what we expect or desire to see. Thousands have eyes but see not the things that are visible to others. A cold critic, gazing on one of Turner's gorgeous pictures of the sky in which God made the outgoing of the morning and evening rejoice, said, "I never see such colors in the sky as you paint."

"Don't you wish you could?" said Turner.

Browning puts it thus:

"Earth is crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God,
But only he who sees takes off his shoes,
The rest sit round it, and pluck blackberries."

Unknown.

The Triumph of Constantine

Overcoming the World
Might of Jehovah, The

63

Ps. 2.1-4; Phil. 4.13; I John 5.4; Rev. 2.7

In the Vatican at Rome, there is a large picture of the triumph of Constantine, and under it is written a variant of the famous report once given by Caesar, "Veni, vidi, vici," "I came, I saw, I conquered." It is "Venimus, vidimus, Deus vicit," "We came, we saw, God conquered."

Selected.

Michelangelo and the Statue Lacking Only One Thing

Morality
Self-righteousness

64

Eph. 2.9; Gal. 3.10; Matt. 5.20; Isa. 64.6

Do you remember the story of the young artist who had wrought so long upon an angel statue and who concealed himself that he might hear what the master Michelangelo would say about it? The master looked upon it while, with breathless suspense, the young artist waited and listened for his verdict. As he listened, he heard Michelangelo say, ''It only lacks one thing.'' So nearly broken-hearted did the young sculptor become, that he could neither eat nor sleep, until a friend of his, in deep concern for him, made his way to Michelangelo's studio and inquired what it was the statue lacked. The great artist said, ''Man, it lacks only life; with life it would be as perfect as God himself could make it.''

Many people honestly fail to understand this. They cannot see the difference between a man's morality and a Christian's righteousness. Why a moral man should not simply grow better and better until he is good enough to enter the Kingdom of God, they say they cannot see. But it's the difference between a lifeless statue and a living soul. The difference between a man's morality and a Christian's righteousness is a difference not of quantity but of quality.

W. E. B.

The Madonna Carved From Oak *Opportunities, Unrecognized*
Commonplace, The Divinity of

65

Micah 5.2; I Kings 18.44; Ezra 1.10; Ps. 138.6

There is a legend of an artist who long sought a piece of sandalwood out of which to carve a Madonna. At last, he was about to give up in despair, leaving the vision of his life unrealized, when in a dream he was bidden to shape the figure from a block of oakwood, which was destined for the fire. Obeying the command, he produced from the log of common firewood a masterpiece.

In like manner, many people wait for great and brilliant opportunities for doing the good things, the beautiful things, of which they dream; while through all the common days, the very opportunities they require for such deeds lie close to them, in the simplest and most familiar events. They wait to find sandalwood out of which to carve Madonnas, while far more lovely Madonnas than they dream of are hidden in the common logs of oak which they burn in the open fireplace or spurn with their feet in the woodyard.

J. R. Miller.

Henry IV of Navarre and the Warrior Angels

Victory Through Christ
Overcoming the World
Deliverance Through God

66

II Kings 6.16, 17; Ps. 34.7; Ps. 91.11; Isa. 41.10, 13

If you ever visit Florence in Italy, and go into the Uffizi Gallery, you will see there a magnificent painting of the Battle of Ivry, in which the forces of Henry IV of Navarre are contending against the host led on by his enemies. The picture, true to life, represents a terrific struggle. There is no suggestion of retreat by the one side, nor a suggestion of victory for the other, but both are mingled in awful onslaught, fierce and bloody. But there is one part of the picture from which the artist's brush speaks in no uncertain evidence of the issues of the day. On one side of the picture, up in the corner, hovers a great company of warrior angels, with swords drawn. You know, at once, that God is on the side of Henry IV of Navarre, and you know whose is the victory.

When the Syrian host surrounded Elisha, the man of God, his servant trembled and cried, "What shall we do?" But Elisha said, "Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." And when he had prayed, the young man's eyes were opened and he saw the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire round about them.

Sometimes when the forces of evil have arrayed themselves against the good, the conflict has seemed uncertain and sometimes it has seemed as though iniquity was destined to prevail. Even the bravest souls of earth have been tempted here and tried, because the days were dark, and it seemed, for the time, as if there were no God. But, if we only had the eyes to see, we'd find an angel host about us, leading us on to victory, It is true that vice often wears the purple and virtue is clothed in rags. Truth is often on the scaffold and wrong is on the throne. But you may be sure that within the shadow of the scaffold, God is standing, keeping watch over His own.

W. E. B.

The Statue "Opportunity" *Opportunity*

67

Eph. 5.16; I Kings 20.40; Luke 19.42; Jer. 8.20

In one of the Greek cities there stood, long ago, a certain statue. Every trace of it has vanished now, as is the case with most of those old masterpieces of genius; but there is still in existence an epigram which gives us an excellent description of it, and, as we read the words, we can discover the lesson which those wise old Greeks meant the statue to teach to every passer-by.

The epigram is in the form of a conversation between a traveler and the statue.

"'What is thy name, O Statue?''

''I am called Opportunity.''

''Who made thee?''

''Lysippus.''

''Why art thou standing on thy toes?''

''To show that I stay but a moment.''

''Why hast thou wings on thy feet?''

''To show how quickly I pass by.''

''But why is thy hair so long on thy forehead?''

''That men may seize me when they meet me.''

''Why then is thy head so bald behind?''

''To show that when I once pass, I cannot be caught.''

We do not see statues standing on the highways today to remind us of our opportunities for doing good and for being of service to others, but we know that such opportunities come to us. They are ours for a moment. If we let them pass, they are gone forever.

Unknown.

Giotto's "Dante" Restored *Obscuring the Christ*

68

Heb. 12.1, 2; II Cor. 3.18; Gen. 5.3; Ps. 51.5

Not long ago there was a researcher of art in Italy who, reading in some book that there was a portrait of Dante painted by Giotto, was led to believe that he had found where it had been placed. There was an apartment used for the storage of wood, hay and the like. He sought and obtained permission to examine it. Clearing out the rubbish and experimenting upon the whitewashed wall, he soon detected the signs of the long hidden portrait. Little by little, with loving skill, he opened up the sad, thoughtful, stern face of the old Tuscan poet.

Sometimes it seems to me that thus the very sanctuary of God has been filled with wood, hay and stubble, and the divine lineaments of Christ have been swept over and covered by human plastering. When such thoughts come to me I am seized with an invincible desire to draw forth from its hiding place and to reveal to men the glory of God as it shines in the face of Jesus Christ. It matters little to me what school of theology rises or what falls, if only Christ may rise and appear in all His Father's glory, full-orbed upon the darkness of this world.

Henry Ward Beecher.

Rehearsal of
"The Messiah"

Earnestness
Passion for Souls
Wholeheartedness

69

Jude 3; Matt. 22.37; Luke 22.44; Eccles. 9.10

A rendition of Handel's famous Oratorio, ''The Messiah,'' was to take place in one of the old churches in Berne, Switzerland's quaint city on the Aar. It was the night of the last rehearsal. Every part of the famous production had been faultlessly and triumphantly sung, as might be expected under the skilful direction of so masterly a leader as Father Reichel.

There was, however, something lacking in the soprano solo, ''I know that My Redeemer Liveth.'' The technique was perfect; the breathing, the placing of the notes, the enunciation of the young woman's faultlessly trained voice were all beyond criticism, and as the last note died away those who were listening waited for the high praise which they knew must fall from the lips of the noted director. Imagine their surprise at what took place; the old man, whose snow-white hair hung gracefully almost to his shoulders, tapped sharply with his baton for silence and, turning to the beautiful singer, said,

''Daughter, you do not really know that your Redeemer liveth, do you?''

Being a Christian, the young woman replied, "Why, yes, Monsieur Reichel, I think I do. Why do you ask?"

"Do you really believe Him to be your Redeemer?" said he.

"Why, yes, I know He is," came the earnest reply.

"Then, sing it," cried the old man, "sing it with all your heart; sing it in the measure in which you believe it; sing it so that I and all these here will know that you do understand the joy and the power of it!"

Then, as with commanding gesture he made ready for the orchestra's accompaniment, the soprano took up her part again. This time she forgot herself and all thought of applause. There was the same faultless voice and the same brilliant technique though the singer was unconscious of it as she sang with all her heart the truth she experienced in her soul. True, as she closed, they applauded her, but it was with tears in their eyes because of the glorious message they had received. As she paused, all unmindful of the applause, the famous old musician stepped over to her and, kissing her on the forehead said, with tears in his eye, "You do know, daughter, for you have told me so."

What a lesson here for everyone! Put heart into your work.

My brother minister, what a mighty lesson here for you and me! Some preachers have about as much animation as a punctured tire, and they are as disappointing as a painted fire in zero weather. It is said that when Rowland Hill preached his words flowed hissing hot from his heart. Do you recall what Garrick said to the preacher in explaining the differences in the size of their audiences? Said he to the preacher, "I act fiction as though it were truth; you preach truth as though it were fiction." God forgive us, brethren, if we have not been in earnest. Do you know that your Redeemer liveth? Do you believe the Gospel that you preach? Then preach it, preach it with all your heart; preach it in the measure in which you believe it; preach it so that all who hear will know that you do understand the joy and the power of it.

W. E. B.

Christians Praying in the Catacombs

Prayer, The Power of
World, The Vanity of
Glory, Worldly

70

Matt. 17.20; I Peter 3.12; 1 John 2.17; Job 5.12, 13

In the Pantheon at Paris there is a picture which represents a contrast of early Roman history. The Pagan empire has reached its summit of splendor, and a Caesar is entering the Eternal

City in triumphal procession. The scene is dazzling: countless legions of soldiery, captives of war in golden chains, spoils of priceless value, colossal elephants—all the pomp and pageantry of human glory.

Beneath, scarce visible in the dim light, Christians are praying in the catacombs, and the long galleries are the sepulcher into which the empire must soon fall. Imperial glory is being undermined by martyr's prayers. The picture is but an allegory on canvas.

A. T. Pierson.

"Les Conquérants"
by Pierre Fritel

Fame, Riches, the Futility of Peace, The World Cannot Give

71

Eccles 1.2; Mark 8.36; Prov. 21.27; Ps. 62.10

I have never seen a more vivid depiction of the utter futility and ultimate emptiness of wordly pomp and power than in a celebrated painting given by Pierre Fritel to the art-loving world a little more than a quarter century ago. The picture hangs in the gallery at Lucerne in Switzerland and bears the title, "Les Conquérants."

The scene is laid in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and through the eternal shades there passes, grim and gruesome, a procession of earth's famed Conquerors and Kings. The remorseful specter of Napoleon is easily distinguishable in the deepening gloom, and among others we single out the forms of Charlemange, of Hannibal, of Alexander and others of like renown. Julius Caesar appears at the head of the sad and solemn line. The royal chariots are there and all the glittering habiliments of earthly days: the golden cords, the glittering sword, and all the insignia of rank. But no flush of victory adorns the faces, no sense of triumph shines in the eyes, no air of authority marks their bearing; but with sunken cheek and lifeless eye and sad procession moves on through the appalling gloom between two rows of ghastly corpses lying naked on either side, their feet but slightly removed from the passing heroes of other days.

What a solemn commentary on the words of the poet Gray, in his "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard":

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
    And all that beauty, all that wealth e're gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:—
    The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? And yet, with God and his Christ all forgotten, while honor vainly calls and virtue beckons unheeded, men will set their hearts on fame and wealth and earthly joys. For these things they will strive and give battle;

they will stifle conviction and trifle with conscience; they will destroy truth that is trying to rise up within them and throttle the voice of their better-self that is struggling for the mastery. But oh, the folly and the pity of it all.

W. E. B.

"The Marriage at Cana," by Paul Veronese

Pre-eminence of Christ, The
Christ Crowded Out

72

Rev. 17.4; John 1.11; Luke 2.7; Col. 1.18

I can never forget my first sight of Paul Veronese's ''Marriage at Cana,'' in the *salle Carre* of the Louvre in Paris. It has all that marvelous mellow richness which characterizes the Venetian School. The composition is equally wonderful. Eleanor of Austria, Queen of France, is there. Francis the First is there. Mary of England is there. The Sultan Solyman is there. The Emperor Charles is there. It is a scene of pomp and splendor, such as we read of occasionally in the pages of history.

After looking at it for a time it suddenly occurred to me to ask, ''How about the Christ?'' He is the man with the artificial halo about His head. Take that halo from the picture, and you would scarcely know that He was there, buried as He is under all this magnificence. He is not remarkable, as in some paintings, for the light of love that shines in His eyes. He is distinguished simply by a formal halo.

Is not this the sort of picture our age is painting? When we have crowded in all the magnificence and splendor possible, if we admit the Christ at all it is not the Christ of the Gospels, so severe in His demands of sacrifice, so regal in His moral authority, so insistent in His teachings of service, but a purely formal guest, distinguished from other men by the halo of a creed whose rule over the soul has been lost while we were ''busy here and there.''

G. H. Ferris.

Camillo and "The Man of Sorrows"

Repentance
Peace, The Way to
Conscience

73

Ps. 51.3; John 14.27; Luke 19.8; Ps. 51.4

Have you heard of Camillo, the artist who, in order to gain power to paint to life whatever subject he chose, sold himself to the Devil? After a long life of sin he painted a picture of Christ as ''The Man of Sorrows,'' but the eyes were so tender and searching he had to veil the picture. So he sought a priest and told him of the painting and of the effect the eyes had upon him.

The priest told him to unveil the eyes and let them do their work. He took the advice and let those eyes search his heart. They seemed to tell him to make reparation so far as possible to those he had wronged. He did so, but received no peace. Again they told him to buy up and destroy every inch of canvas he had painted that would suggest evil thoughts. This also he did, but found no peace. For a long time he went about undoing, as far as he could, sin after sin; still no peace. One night he knelt before those eyes and confessed that he had sinned against Christ as well as against his fellowmen, and he yielded his life to Him. Then did peace, joy and love fill his soul, and he became changed into a new man in Christ Jesus.

Selected.

Ole Bull and the Secret of His Ability

Influence, The Secret of
Enthusiasms, The Value of Inspiration
Preaching, The Secret of Successful

74

Matt. 12.34; Eph. 5.18; Gal. 2.20; Acts 4.20

When Ole Bull, the master musician, was making a triumphant tour through the United States, he played before the Princeton students and roused them to the very highest pitch of enthusiasm. When the concert was over, one of the professors said to him, "Will you please tell us in a word the secret of your ability?" Ole Bull quickly replied, "It is not so much the bow, and not altogether the quality of the instrument, but I never play until my own soul is thrilled, and then the music is the expression of my soul-life."

This is the secret of successful teaching, or of singing or of preaching.

> "Thy soul must overflow
> If thou another soul wouldst reach.
> It needs the overflow of heart
> To give the lips full speech."
>
> Unknown.

Raphael's "Transfiguration" and The Valley of Need

Service
World, The Cry of a Needy
Practical Christianity

75

Matt. 25.35, 36; James 1.27; Matt. 7.21; I John 3.17

It was once my privilege to visit a certain famous Art Gallery at Rome, and there I saw the masterpiece of Raphael, the most renowned painter of his age. It was the canvas of the "Transfiguration," and no man can look upon this work of rarest art and not feel that some artists are, at times at least, inspired of God. Some of the critics, however, have said that Raphael made a mistake, and that in this canvas he has given us, in reality, two pictures instead of one. But Goethe has well said that in this respect, at least, Raphael never made mistakes. Apparently, there are two pictures, but they are really two parts of one artistic whole. Below is a father holding the hand of his afflicted son, whom the nine disciples could not cure, while the women round about are pointing helplessly upward. As you look up, you see the Son of God in His transfiguration of glory, before the wondering, worshipful eyes of the favored three He has taken with Him to the summit of the Mount.

The Transfiguration would lose its significance, as the master artist so thoughtfully perceived, were it not for the dark, depressing picture of the world's misery and need below,—that world that needed so much the Man above, the Man who came down and touched its suffering into buoyant health. And this, too, is the lesson for us. Cloistered visions and mountain-top experiences enrich the soul, but the vision dims and the blessing will not stay, if heavenly experience is not translated into earnest service for a needy world. After all, here is where Christ was found more often than on the mountain top.

"The village priest of austerity,
Climbed up in a high church steeple;
To be nearer God, so that he might hand
His word down to the people.

And so in sermon script he daily wrote,
  What he thought came from heaven;
And dropped it down on the people's heads
  Two times one day in seven.

In his age God said, 'Come down and die';
  And he cried from out the steeple,
'Where art Thou, Lord?' and the Lord replied,
  'Down here among my people.' "

W. E. B.

"The Angel Uriel"
by Washington Alston

Prayer
Providence
Needs Supplied

76

Rom. 8.28; I Peter 5.7; Ps. 84.11; Isa. 65.24

There is an interesting and very helpful story told in connection with the painting known as "The Angel Uriel," the work of one of our really great American artists, Washington Alston. He had asked what seemed to be a modest price for his production but had failed to find a buyer. Like many another great painter till his worth was really known, Alston had been reduced to very straightened circumstances and his family was really in want. He was a Christian painter and believed in seeking help from God "in the day of trouble," and thus carried his distressing situation to God in prayer. It is said that while he was yet on his knees a man came knocking at the door and inquired as to the price of the somewhat celebrated painting, for it had received one of the prizes at the Royal Academy.

"Has it been sold?" inquired the stranger.

Receiving a negative answer the man asked Alston how much he wanted for the picture.

"I have already fixed the price quite too low, and yet have not been able to dispose of it. What is it worth to you?" was the answer.

"How about two thousand dollars?" asked the stranger.

"Why," said Alston, "that is even more than I asked."

But the gentleman, who afterwards became one of the painter's best patrons, paid the two thousand dollars. The artist, whose fame soon after spread around the world, testified in later years that the encouragement which came to him in the sale of "The Angel Uriel" had more than anything else to do with starting him on the way in his brilliant career.

Oh my brother, is it not true that if you have had any worthwhile Christian experience at all it has proven to you that ours is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God? "Call upon me in the day of trouble," He says, "and I will deliver thee." Is it too much to believe that God knew the needy artist was going to pray and had his benefactor on the way before the painter was on his knees? Has He not said, "Before they call I will answer?" It is a marvelous privilege of ours to lean thus upon the arms of Providence. If we are really the children of God, our Father's promise to answer prayer is quite enough and we will honor Him with humble, never-faltering, childlike faith in all that pertains to the way in which we must go.

W. E. B.

Jean François Millet **—** ***Home***
"Breaking Home Ties" **—** ***Parental Influence***

77

Gen. 44.30; I Chron. 13.12; I Tim. 5.4; Gen. 18.19

It was a truly marvelous painting that Thomas Hovarden put upon the canvas when he gave to the world the picture bearing the title, "Breaking Home Ties." We know that many such scenes are taking place constantly in the lives of the youth of every land, but I never look upon this creation of Hovarden's without thinking of a similar scene in the experience of one of the greatest painters the world has ever known. This actual experience might have furnished the author of "Breaking Home Ties" a real subject for his famous production instead of the imaginary scene which he has so marvelously portrayed.

When Jean François Millet, who in his maturer years became the greatest painter of the age, was a young man living in Paris as the pupil of Delaroche, his biographers tell us that he lived a singularly pure life in the midst of the temptations which the wicked city of Paris furnished to the student body of his day. He presented an unusual appearance, this awkward youth of nineteen, who was called by the other students "The Man of the Woods." He was six feet high, carried a downy beard on his face and his rich brown hair hung down to his shoulders; in his calm gray eyes there was a straightforward, honest, manly look. But Millet was not born in Paris. He had not always lived in Paris. He was in truth a man of the woods and fields. He was brought up on a farm among the lowliest of French peasants. He too had his experience of breaking home ties, and it was the influence of this home of his in the woods that wove into his soul the moral fiber that made him what he was and caused him to stand firm when the times of moral crisis came upon him.

It was close to the little village of Gréville near Cherbourg where the Millets lived. There was the father and the mother and the kindly old grandmother, all devoutly religious. The children were taught the fear of the Lord. For weeks before the boy's departure the saintly grandmother had kept her spinning-wheel busy, spinning and weaving the cloth for his new suit of clothes. The day came at last when he was to say "Good-bye" and go out into the world of his dreams. The parting words had been spoken, the old stagecoach was rattling down the stone road of the village, and Millet, with his sailor's canvas bag, was stepping to the door to meet it, when his godly old grandmother, whose influence may be seen in every picture Millet ever painted, put her hand once more on his shoulder and said, "Remember, my boy, you are a Christian, and we would rather see you dead than to have you untrue to the commandments of God." Is it any wonder that Millet in becoming the greatest painter of his age became the man that he did.

And the question comes, What about your home? There is a world to conquer, a great, restless, throbbing world, full of opportunity, but full too of illusion and disappointment, of temptation and of wickedness. Some day your boy, your girl will be going out into it. What kind of a heritage are they going to take with them? Father, mother, this ought to be a question of mighty solemn importance to you. It takes more than four walls and handsome furnishings to make a home. You can pile up grandeur and miss the soul of a thing.

W. E. B.

Dante's Face Restored ***Redemption***
Christ, The Soul's Restorer
Image of God, Man Made in the

78

Gen. 1.26; Gen. 5.3; Rom. 8.29; Ps. 51.5

On the walls of the Bargello in Florence, the portrait of Dante Alighieri was once painted. But as the years went by, the place fell into disuse; it was neglected, and then, later, was used as a storeroom for lumber and straw. The walls were covered again with rude plastering, and, at last, the only knowledge of the picture was in tradition among the people that one time it existed on one of the walls of the Bargello.

But one day there came a stranger, an artist whose soul had been touched by the songs of the Tuscan Bard, and who had heard the tradition of the picture. He said if it was there, he would restore it. He removed the rubbish and commenced his work upon the wall. He washed the surface, and tenderly began to scrape away the outer coat of dirty whitewash and plaster. He labored with infinite patience lest the precious relic, if there, be injured; and one glad hour, under his delicate touch, the first coloring of the portrait began to appear, and then by slow degrees the features he sought began to shape themselves before his eyes, until, at last, the face of the Tuscan poet, written all over with the literature of greatness and of sorrow, stood forth in such marvelous wonder that people travel yet from the ends of the earth to look upon it and to admire it.

It is exactly so with the image of God in man. It has been marred and obscured by sin; the divine likeness has been spoiled by neglect, overlaid and obliterated by the sacrilegious hands of the world, the flesh and the Devil. But there is One who came to restore and redeem it. If He may but have His way, He will bring the human soul out of its ruin and disfigurement, and cause it to shine with the beauty God first placed upon it. Yield your life to Him, and let Him uncover its glory. He will neither weary nor faint in the work, and one day you shall stand complete in the image of God.

W. E. B.

Paganini Plays for The Blind Beggar

Sympathy
Redemption, The Joy of
Christ, The Soul's Need of

79

John 15.11; Phil. 4.19; I Peter 1.18; Isa. 61.3

On London Bridge, where on that pre-Roman highway, they say, you never cross without seeing a white horse, there stood alone and sad, eighty years ago, a poor old beggar man. He scraped away wretchedly on his old miserable violin in the attempt to draw a few pennies from the passers-by, but no one seemed to listen or stop, and his old beggar's heart was down to his toeless boots, and cold.

A stranger, passed along the Bridge, and suddenly halted beside the poor old fiddler, and listened while the weary, wistful eyes searched his face for "Charity, for the love of God!"

Instead of the hoped-for penny, the stranger asked for the fiddle; he will help with a tune.

The stiff, numbed fingers were glad to pass the old thing over, and the new hands began to play a low, plaintive melody that made the first passer-by find a tear start from his heart on the way to his eye, and he stopped and threw a penny in the old beggar's tattered hat, but still lingered, for the tune is going on.

Then another stopped; another penny, and he lingered, too. Then another, another, another, and yet they are coming and stopping. In the red heap of coppers in the old man's hat there are now appearing the white gleam of sixpences and sovereigns.

In a few minutes there is a dense crowd of thousands of people massing more and more on the Bridge, while yonder a big policeman instead of saying, "Move on!" places himself, with tears in his eyes, within hearing of the wondrous strains.

Still from the decrepit old violin, melody like an echo of the song that the Angels sang is float-ing over their heads, and the decrepit old hat is brimful of coins.

"It is Paganini! It is Paganini!" passed the whisper along.

Ay, it is the Master!

Poor beggars on this ancient Bridge of Sighs, spanning the swiftly speeding current of our mortal life, behold the Stranger, with feet a-dusty with the stars and suns He has traveled by, stops beside us, and stays. We pass Him our old time-worn heart, sin-wormed and useless, and in a moment we are laughing in our souls for veriest gladness and fullness of joy.

"It is Jesus! It is Jesus! "

Ay, it is the Master!

John Robertson, LL.D.

Michelangelo's "David"

Redemption
Hope
Saving the Worst

80

Ps. 130.1; Isa. 1.18; Heb. 7.25; I John 3.2

It is an old illustration but one of wondrous beauty and power.

Standing in the circular hall at the end of the entrance corridor of the Academy of the Fine Arts at Florence in Italy, is Michelangelo's masterpiece, ''David.'' When the statue was unveiled nearly four hundred years ago, it caused an unparalleled sensation among the art lovers of the world. Young David, the shepherd lad, stands braced with sling and stone in hand, ready for the divinely directed throw that was to prove the undoing of the vaunting Goliath.

One strangely winning thing about the history of the statue is that it was chiseled from an old piece of marble which Angelo had found half-buried in the refuse of an old back-yard. It had come from the famous quarries of Carrara. Donatello, the celebrated Italian sculptor, had worked upon it, intending to carve from it the statue of a great prophet. In the process of his work Donatello discovered some flaws in the marble and refused to go any further. There it lay in the cathedral yard until one day the great artist Michelangelo caught sight of it and before his wonderful eye there arose a vision of beauty; he made a great resolve, and September 11, 1500, early in the morning he began work on his statue of ''David'' which was to challenge the admiration of one of the most noted assemblages of artists the world has ever known. When it was finished on the 25th day of January, 1504, after nearly four years of patient toil, it was unveiled in the presence of many of the finest artists of the time who had come to see what Angelo had made out of the despised and rejected piece of marble.

It was, indeed, a notable company. Leonardo da Vinci, the foremost painter then in Italy was there. Pietro Perugino, the teacher of Raphael, was there. The renowned artist Botticelli, and the great master Roselli were there. Filippino Lippi was there, and the celebrated architects Monciatto and San Gallo. They were unanimous in unstinted praise. They decided that the statue must have no common place. They arranged for it to stand in the public square as a tribute to the fame of its maker and the glory of their renowned city. Hence it stood for centuries on the banks of the shining Arno until it was placed within the walls of the Academia della Belle Arti.

Yes, it is a masterpiece of Art. But it is more than that. It is an everlasting lesson to this old world, to you and to me. It shows what God can do for a spoiled and ruined life. He who took a worthless Jacob and made an Israel, a prince of God, out of him; who took Peter, the cowardly denier of his Lord and made the fearless preacher of Pentecost out of him, He can take this poor, faltering and failing life of yours and of mine and redeem it and strengthen it, and so transform it as to make it really worth-while, a thing of beauty and power and blessing to the world. Aye, He can and does, by His marvelous grace, take the very refuse of the earth and so work upon it by His great Spirit that it is made fit to stand one day in His glorious presence above.

W. E. B.

Mary Magdalene at the Tomb of Jesus

Resurrection, The
Faith of our Fathers, The
Divinity of Christ Degraded, The

81

Jude 3; John 20.13; I Thess. 4.14; Col. 2.9

I was preaching once in one of the prominent churches of an Eastern city, and I saw there an exceptionally rich and rare display of stained-glass windows. The color effect simply baffled description. There was one window which especially held my attention, not alone because of its remarkably rich coloring but because of the subject presented to us by the picture. It was Mary Magdalene at the empty tomb of Jesus and was, of course, a reproduction in this remarkable way of the celebrated painting by Hofman which now hangs in the National Gallery at Munich.

Mary Magdalene had great reason to love the Lord. He had redeemed her life from the wretched discard of wasted and broken humanity into which by her reckless sinning, she had thrown herself. He was the One and the only One who had made life worth-while for her. Crushed already by the tragedy of the Cross which had fallen across her life like a great shadow of despair, she was early at the tomb, while it was yet dark, on the first day of the week, to pay His dead body a last tribute of her love. But the grave was empty! To be denied the poor consolation she sought was too much for the rare affection the knowledge of Jesus had kindled in her soul. And so in the picture she sits desolate and alone at the sepulcher, rests herself upon the stone which had fallen to the ground and pours out her tears before the empty grave which so recently had held all that was dear to her in the world. As she thus sits, indulging in the bitter sweet of her tears, the angel-watchers who had hovered over the cradle and stood by the shepherds at Bethlehem, and who now were bowed in awe-struck reverence at the grave, inquired of her the cause of her grief; and out of her bereaved and burdened heart she gives reply. She says, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."

There are those who are doing that today. Jude says: "There are certain men who crept in unawares denying our only Master and Lord, Jesus Christ." They do not deny that Christ was divine, but they exalt human nature to the level of Christ's divinity and so bring the divine Christ down to the level of humanity. They emasculate the Atonement and tone it down to the inspiring influence of a beautiful example. As if you could cure a runaway horse by painting a barn a mild color! They tell us His Spirit is in the world, but His body these "certain men" would have us believe never came forth. And then of course the Coming again of this Christ to the earth smacks quite too much of the spectacular and the supernatural for the rationalistic reasonings of these men. And so they have been trying to take Him away, the God-man, Crucified, Resurrected and Coming again!

There is a touch of pathos in the answer of Mary beyond the reach of art to produce. She said, "They have taken away *my* Lord." If I should ask the average audience to pronounce the word "Jesus," that would be easy. The response would be universal. But if I should ask them to say "*My* Jesus," that response would be considerably subdued. I wonder how it would be with you. It would have mattered very little to Mary where they had taken Him, or where they had laid Him, or what had become of Him, if she could not have said, "*My* Lord." And it is only as you actually comprehend Who this Christ of Mary Magdalene really was and is, and as fully comprehend the value of what He did for you, that you can say, "*My* Lord!" But when I realize these things about His person and His work, and then by an unwavering faith appropriate the Christ to whom they pertain, then indeed I am constrained to cry, "*My* Lord! *My* Lord!" and it makes a world of difference to me what they do with a Christ like that. I do not want them to take Him away! They shall not take Him away! The Church does not want any diminutive Christ. She does not care for any emasculated creed.

"Faith of our fathers! living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;

Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy,
  When e'er we hear that glorious word.

Faith of our fathers, holy Faith,
  We will be true to thee till death."

W. E. B.

Saint Cecilia and
Fra Angelico

Sacrifice
Selfishness
Worldliness

82

James 5.1-6; Matt. 16.24; Ps. 84.10; Matt. 27.40

Sacrifice is the secret of beauty, culture and character. Selfishness eats sweetness from the singer's voice as rust eats the edge of a sword. St. Cecilia refused to lend the divine touch to lips steeped in pleasure. He who sings for love of gold finds his voice becoming metallic. In art, also, Hitchcock has said, "When the brush grows voluptuous it falls like an angel from heaven." Fra Angelico refuses an invitation to the Pitti Palace, choosing rather his crust and pallet in the cell of the monastery. The artist gave his mornings to the poor, his evenings to his canvas. But when the painter had worn his life away in kindly deeds, men found that the light divine had been transferred to the painter's canvas.

Newell Dwight Hillis.

The Broken Violin ***Soul, The Restoration of***
Christian Experience Regained

83

Micah 7.8; Jer. 18.4; Rom. 11.1; Ps. 51.11

In my boyhood there lived near my home a retired Scotch crofter. He was about eighty years of age when I knew him. His wife was dead; his children, a goodly number, had all left him to found homes of their own, leaving the old man, according to the bitter custom of necessity, absolutely alone. He was a musician, known for his skill in that simple community, and as an avocation he had learned to make violins. He had a score or more of them hanging around the walls of his humble little cottage. He used to arise from bed at midnight when some rare melody came to him that had eluded his memory during the day, and there alone, with only the stars and the silent universe watching, he used to pour forth the melody on his favorite violin, pouring into the rendition the fullness of his years, the courage, the cheerfulness and the pathos of his fine old heart.

One day, so the old man told me, his favorite violin fell from his hands upon the hearthstone. It was broken into a score of fragments. He gathered them together with pious tenderness and put them sorrowfully away, thinking that his beloved violin would never again breathe beauty and song.

In a day or two it occurred to him that the violin might be remade. He undertook the daring task; joined piece to piece and fragment to fragment, until the broken instrument was again whole and entire. He laid it away to rest; he waited until the old wounds were surely healed. At last, in due time, he took his instrument restringed and newly tuned, put the bow upon it, played into it first one love song after another; played through it the joy of the Redeemer; and to his amazement the tone and the voice of his violin were inexpressibly deeper, richer, more tender, more appealing than the violin in its original power. That is a fact in the life of a redeemed soul.

George A. Gordon.

Leonardo da Vinci Asks Forgiveness

Forgiveness
Secret Sin
Peace, The Lack of

84

Ps. 66.18; Matt. 5.24; Matt. 6.12; Isa. 26.3

I do not know how true this story may be but I do know that it illustrates a wonderful truth. We are told by the biographer of Leonardo da Vinci that in the days when he was putting on canvas his great masterpiece which the world knows today as "The Last Supper" he became quite angry with a certain man. Hot and bitter words ensued in which da Vinci threatened the man with vengeance. When the great painter returned to his canvas he found himself so perturbed and disquieted that he could not compose himself sufficiently for the delicate work before him. This revengeful mood, it is true, did not disturb him so much while he sketched the face of Judas, but when he began to paint the face of Jesus it was quite different, and not until he had sought out the man and asked for his forgiveness did he find himself in possession of that inner calm which enabled him to give to the Master's face the tender and delicate expression he so well knew it must have.

It is impossible to do one's best when conscience points with its accusing finger in your face. If you look for the cause of spiritual unrest you will always find it in sin. The conscientious Christian with any thing like a real spiritual experience knows how true this is. Sin disturbs the spiritual equilibrium, and it follows even as night the setting of the sun that the mind loses its composure and its power to do its best.

W. E. B.

Rudolph and His Master's "Well Done"

Service, The Reward of Approval of the Master

85

Matt. 16.27; Matt. 25.21; II Tim. 4.8, 14; Rev. 2.10

In old Vienna, we are told, there once lived a young musician of great ambition, by the name of Rudolph. He had conceived in his soul a great symphony, and longed to give it to the world. For months he gave himself to its composition. Over and over again he wrote it, and finally called his friends and rehearsed it before them. They were loud in their praise, and they said, "Rudolph, it is great, and will establish your fame as a great musician."

The piece was then given to the orchestra, and after much rehearsing, announcement was made to the public of the night when they might hear it. They came by the hundreds, and the great building was packed. The multitudes were not disappointed, for the music of the great production rolled out in billows of harmony over the audience, and they seemed to catch the inspiration which was in the artist's soul, and became uproarious in their enthusiastic expression of approval. They crowded about the young musician, and showered upon him their congratulations. It pleased him. He thanked them, but it did not move him much. But, at last, there came one and stood in his presence, and when he had spoken, the young musician's face lit up with joy. It was an old man, with white hair, and he took the youthful artist by the hand, and said, "Rudolph, it was well done; it was well done." The old man was his master, and the young musician was satisfied.

The world may say, "Well done," but if we have not the Master's approval, we have not, after all, succeeded. Better He should be pleased than all the plaudits of men.

W. E. B.

The "Jupiter" of Phidias

Soul, The Value of
Passion for Souls
Personal Work

86

Mark 8.36; James 5.20; Matt. 9.37, 38; Zech. 2.4

A city is nothing when weighed in the balance against a human soul. The Phidian Jupiter was a statue of gold and ivory so magnificent that a man that died without seeing it might be commiserated; and a man that had seen it might say, "Now let me die in peace." That statue, whose annual disclosure was so august that men and women in their enthusiasm fell before it with outcries and exclamations; that statue, whichI would willingly have made a pilgrimage to see if it had been saved from medieval violence and iconoclasm, was wonderful beyond all description.

But one poor soul dragged out of the slough, and saved, and beginning to speak the language of heaven, and to shout the praises of God, is more wonderful and more glorious in the sight of angels and of God than the lordliest statue of the greatest of all artists; and I would go further to save one soul than to see a million Phidian works of Art.

Henry Ward Beecher.

Gustave Dore and His Paintings of Christ

Service of Love, The

87

II Cor. 5.14; John 14.21; John 21.15; John 13.37

When Gustave Dore had about completed a certain one of his famous faces of Jesus, as he was in the act of putting on the delicate finishing touches, a lady stepped quietly into his studio, and stood for a moment admiring the wonderful production of his genius. Presently he became aware of her presence, and with his usual politeness, he said, "Pardon, Madam, I did not know you were here."

And she said, "Monsieur Dore, you must love Him very much to be able to paint Him so."

"Love Him, Madam," replied the great painter, "I should think I do love Him. But if I loved Him more, I would paint Him better."

And that is true of your service and mine. Go and stand with McKay in Africa. Follow Carey going out single-handed from his shoe-maker's bench to win the world for God. See Livingstone dying alone upon his knees to heal the open sore of the world, and tell me what it was that led them on, if it was not the passionate, undying love they had for Christ. If we loved Him more, we would serve Him better.

W. E. B.

Christianity Not on Trial ***Spiritual Discernment***
Obscured Vision

88

Mark 8.18; Heb. 5.14; I Cor. 2.14; Eph. 4.13

Alas, how often we come upon those who say they can see nothing in the Christian's Bible nor in the Christian religion. But neither the Bible nor the Christian religion is on trial today before such individuals after twenty centuries of triumphant history, during which the swelling chorus of numberless souls has lent testimony to the power of the Gospel as found in the one and to the satisfying worth of Christian experience as lived in the other. If one can see nothing in these things, there is a reason.

When a man stood before one of Turner's unrivalled paintings and said, "I can see nothing in it," the great artist replied, "Don't you wish you could?"

Yes, there is a reason.

A tourist upon his return home was asked what he thought of the church of Notre Dame in Paris, and of the Sistine Madonna, and of some other of the world's remarkable productions. He said he did not see them, and went on to say that while his wife did the Cathedrals and his daughter did the art galleries he did the cafés. It's all a matter of taste. There are some things that must be spiritually discerned and appreciated, and if eyes are blind, and heart is dull, and the soul desensitized by the lusts of the flesh and the incitements of sin, no wonder it is difficult to appreciate the higher things of God.

There went one day into the famous Tribuna of the Uffizi Gallery of Art at Florence a tourist armed with his Guide-Book that gave him at least an air of discernment. He went up to the Curator and said,

"Are these your masterpieces?"

"They are, Sir," said the Curator.

"Well, I certainly do not see much in them myself," said the tourist.

"Sir," replied the Curator, "these pictures are not on trial; it is the visitors who are on trial."

May God help us to realize that it is possible to be physically matured and yet to be dwarfs in the spiritual realm, to have eyes and yet not be able to see.

W. E. B.

The Painting
Destroyed by the Canvas

Secret Sin
Sin, The Blight of

89

Ps. 19.12; Gen. 4.7; Rom. 5.12; Rom. 6.12

It may be that some unforsaken sin has well nigh spoiled your life. I think of a woman who lost her only child and, having great ability as a painter, took a photograph of her little one and with delicate skill reproduced it until the sweet face seemed almost to live again before her. She laid it carefully away and in a few days she took it up, only to find to her keen disappointment that the painting was almost covered with disfiguring blotches. With tender skill she wrought again upon it and it was as lovely as before. Again she laid it away, but when she came again to look at it the ugly spots, the disfiguring blemishes, were as conspicuous as at first and even more so. The painting was ruined. The trouble was in the paper. It had in it some chemical property that combined with the paint and spoiled the picture. No matter how beautiful it might appear for a time, up out of the heart of the picture there came oozing that polluting, corroding something that did its deadly damning work.

It is just like that with your life and mine. No use to try to make it beautiful; no use to try to be at rest; no use to pray for power; none of these things can be as long as there is that in the heart which is wrong and which ever comes up to spoil and blur and blotch it all.

W. E. B.

The Shattered Violin

Sorrow, The Ministry of
Backsliding
Discouragement

90

Jer. 18.4; Rom. 8.28; Matt. 5.11, 12; Heb. 12.11

A distinguished musician ordered a manufacturer of violins to make him the best instrument possible. He told him to use the best material, take all the time he wished, and use all his skill in its construction.

At last, the manufacturer sent for the musician to come and try the violin. As the musician drew the bow across the instrument, his face became clouded. Lifting the instrument, he smashed it to pieces on the counter, handed the price to the manufacturer and left the shop. The manufacturer was not satisfied with mere pay; his reputation was at stake. He gathered the fragments of the violin and put them together. After he had remade the violin out of the pieces, he sent again for the musician. This time the frown was not seen; as he drew the bow across the strings, he told the manufacturer that he had succeeded, at last, in making just the kind of an instrument that he desired. "What is the price?" inquired the musician. "Nothing at all," replied the manufacturer, "It is the same instrument that you smashed to pieces some time ago; I put it together, and out of the fragments, this perfect instrument has been made."

Let us believe the parable. God can take the fragments of a shattered life, and by His grace, put them together so that, under the touch of His Holy Spirit, there will go forth music good enough for earth and heaven. Every loss He can make a gain. Whatever be our experience today, if we seek the furtherance of the gospel, and are willing that God shall use us toward it, let us believe that the promise, "All things work together for good to them that love God," will be realized in our lives.

A. C. Dixon.

Paganini's Violin	*Personal Work*
Packed in Its Glass Case	*Judgment, The Day of*
	Indolence
	Talent, Buried

91

James 4.17; Amos 6.1; Matt. 12.36; Luke 19.20

In one of the rooms of a famous palace in Genoa, now devoted to municipal uses, is preserved under a seal a precious Guarnieri violin of Paganini. Kocian, the Bohemian violinist, visiting Genoa, asked to be allowed to play the instrument. The mayor granted the request and invited members of the aristocracy and several musicians. Kocian played one of Bach's airs, and a concerto from Paganini. The audience was greatly impressed. The violin was then replaced in the glass box, where it had rested sixty-five years, and was again sealed in the presence of the spectators.

It is rather a pity that this magnificent violin, which thrilled to the touch of a master's hand, should live upon its past glories and be locked inside a glass case. Yet many a so-called child of God is like that, and for the music that might thrill in their lives, and the comfort and inspiration that might come from their presence, if the obligation is not met, there will be an accounting at the judgment seat of Christ.

J. Wilbur Chapman.

How Turner Spoiled His Picture

Unselfishness
Self-sacrifice

92

II Sam. 23.17; Matt. 16.24; Phil. 2.5-8; Rom. 12.10

Of all the wonderful poetry Tennyson ever wrote, the noblest, the finest strain is this:

> "Love took up the harp of life,
> And smote on all the chords with might;
> Smote the chord of self, that trembling,
> Passed in music out of sight."

They tell us a beautiful story of Turner, one of the world's master-painters. The incident happened at an exhibition in 1826. Turner's picture of Cologne far outshone anything else in the great hall, but on the morning of the opening of the exhibition when a friend of the great artist led a group of expectant critics up to look upon it in all its glorious wonder he was amazed to find that somebody had tampered with the canvas. The golden skies that has given it much of its splendor had been covered with a dull, dead color, and the picture was seemingly ruined. He ran in consternation to his friend and said, "Turner, what in the world has happened to your picture!" and the story is this:

The painting had been hung between two portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence but with an injurious effect upon them by reason of the exceeding brightness of the sky as painted by Turner on his canvas. Lawrence quite naturally complained, but for some reason it was impossible to make any change in the position, although the rules of the Academy gave to the artists the privilege of making any finishing touches on their pictures before the exhibition opened. In reply to the excited question by his friend, Turner whispered, ‘‘Oh, poor Lawrence was so unhappy. It’s only lampblack. It’ll all wash off after the exposition.’’ The great artist has actually ruined his picture for the time of the exhibition by passing a wash of lampblack over the splendor of the whole sky and thus made his competitor’s painting stand out in advantageous contrast with his own. ‘‘There is,’’ said George Sands, ‘‘but one sole virtue in all the world, the eternal sacrifice of self,’’ and the really great souls of the world are the unselfish ones.

W. E. B.

Henry Heine and The Venus de Milo

Christ, The Attractiveness of
Death, The Need of Christ in
Unbelief, The Wretchedness of

93

Eph. 2.14; Luke 1.79; Matt. 11.28; Sol. 5.16

Poor Henry Heine—we say ‘‘poor’’ because he was *so very poor indeed.* He worshipped what he thought was the beautiful. He loved the beautiful, and few men have ever been able to appreciate the beautiful with which the world abounds more than he. The Venus de Milo, an armless, half-clad statue in the Louvre at Paris he called his goddess, and he said it made him better just to sit and gaze upon her. But poor Henry Heine, he had never seen Him Who is the Rose of Sharon for beauty and the Lily of the Valley for loveliness.

Oh, what a truly glorious One the Christian's Christ really is, and with a vision of His beauty the fairest things this world affords lose all their splendor. How rich one is because of Him in the end. When Henry Heine lay on his "mattress grave" in the closing days of his life he tells how he lifted his eyes to the Venus that had been to him the very embodiment of beauty, and how he stretched out his poor, trembling hands to her and cried, "She cannot help me; her arms are broken."

The man who does not know Christ is poor, indeed. What does the soul of man need if it is not life abundant, love divine, true peace and heaven. All nature is utterly helpless in the presence of a need like this. Get acquainted with the Christ of experience through repentance and faith and self-surrender and obedience, and I challenge you to say, "This does not touch my soul's inmost need—this is not life." Refuse, and through life's long night learn the aching truth expressed in those lines of Fannie Heaslip Lea:

"She made a little shadow-hidden grave
The day Faith died;
Therein she laid it, heard the clod's sick fall,
And smiled aside—
'If less I ask,' tear-blind she mocked, 'I may
Be less denied.'

She set a rose to blossom in her hair,
The day Faith died—
'Now glad,' she said, 'and free, at last, I go
And life is wide!'
But through long nights she stared into the dark,
And knew she lied."

W. E. B.

"The Incredulity of Thomas"
by Peter Paul Rubens

Humility
Unselfishness
Service

94

Luke 22.27; John 13.4; Luke 24.39; James 4.10

"Behold, I am in the midst of you as one who serves." If there is any greater word in the English language than the word "service" I do not know what it is. And if there is any work of art that emphasizes the meaning of this word more than the painting by Peter Paul Rubens, entitled, "The Incredulity of Thomas," I do not know where to find it.

The painting itself is worthy of its master. Its vigorous and colorful style, the meaningful eye, the challenging lines are all true to Rubens. Almost in the very center there is a human hand. It holds the rapt attention of the figures in the picture and becomes the object of interest to every eye that looks upon the celebrated canvas. It is the hand of Jesus, and He is saying to the doubting disciple, "Behold my hands,"—and and there they are, those holy hands deep scarred with the iron pins that nailed them to the Cross and still red with the wounds of the Crucifixion. It is truly a wonderful painting. One quite easily understands the first impression of rebuking the incredulity of a faithless disciple. Did not Jesus say He would rise! But look a little deeper into the canvas and see if in those hands you cannot read the perpetual dignity and sacredness of unselfish labor.

The use a man makes of his hands is, in no small degree, an index to his character. A hand made into a fist bespeaks a character, pugnacious, cruel, and brutal. A miser's hand, a gambler's hand, always grasping, raking in, tells of his greed and of his selfish, ungenerous soul. It is the critical, the cynical, the contemptible man who always uses his index finger to point with scorn and condemnation.

Oh, for hands like the hands of Jesus. The world has had enough of the others and they have filled it with crushing tragedy. But the Hands of Jesus! The Hands held out in blessing to suffer the little ones to come; the Hands that wrote forgiveness in the sand for a guilty but penitent sinner; the Hands that touched the lepers and made them clean; the Hands that broke the bread at the hour of holy communion; the Hands that were always giving, always working, lifting, blessing, helping, healing until at last, bleeding with sacrificial glory, they were nailed to the Cross as He gave Himself in one final, supreme and successful effort to redeem the world. It was for this that He came, and it was for this that His whole existence, all the way from the Throne in glory to the Manger and back again by way of Gethsemane and Golgotha, was a continual out-pouring of Himself for others—for you and for me. "Behold My Hands." "I am among you as one who serves."

W. E. B.

Ole Bull and
John Ericsson

World, Unsatisfying
Happiness, Peace, Joy,
The Source of

95

John 14.27; Gal. 5.22; Ps. 16.11; Heb. 11.25

This is an old story, and one much used, but it illustrates so well what I have in mind that I shall use it once more. It is the story of Ole Bull and

John Ericsson. They had been boys together in the homeland. John was an apprentice in a mechanic's shop, and Ole was learning to play the violin. They grew up together, and came, both of them, to this country. John Ericsson became the skilled and calloused mechanic, the man who invented the Monitor, that marvelous little turret boat that defeated the mighty Merrimac, while Ole Bull became the marvelous violinist swaying the world with the power of his music.

When they met for the first time in New York City, Ole invited his old friend around to the concert hall to hear him play. John thanked his old friend, but he did not go. The next day, Ole asked him why he did not come, and gave him another invitation. John thanked him again, and said, "You see, Ole, I have no ear for music, and I do not care for it at all."

"Ah, but," said Ole, "you should hear me play; and really, John, if you do not come, I will bring my violin to the shop and play for you there."

John did not go, and the next day Ole Bull passed John Ericsson's shop. He had his violin with him, and he broke it accidentally on purpose, and went in and said, "There is something wrong with my violin, John," and he got his old friend interested in the mechanism of the instrument. They talked about tones and semi-tones and harmony, and fibers of wood, and, at last, he said, "I'll show you how it is." He drew the bow across the strings, and the waves of marvelous melody began to float through the building. The workmen laid down their tools and began to crowd about the player as if drawn by an irresistible spell, and John Ericsson stood as if he were glued to the floor. He listened to every note that fell from the strings. When, at last, Ole Bull drew the bow across the strings for the last time and the music stopped, there, standing before him, with the tears streaming from his eyes, was his old friend. He sprang forward as the last note died out and cried, "Play on, Ole, play on. I never knew what was lacking in my life before."

It would be exactly so with every one of you, seeking peace and satisfaction in the wealth and ambitions and pleasures of this world. You feel that you know what is the need of your life, but if you have never known the Christ you have never known what has been lacking in your life, to give you that peace and satisfaction ever vainly sought in any other direction.

W. E. B.

"The Light of the World" by Holman Hunt

Will, The Power of
Retribution
Judgment, The

96

Rev. 3.20; John 5.40; Rev. 22.17; Luke 19.14

Holman Hunt never quite reached to such a degree in any of his other paintings the sublime splendor of human Art as he did in the one under title of "The Light of the World." It is his most widely known production, and it speaks to every understanding heart with more than any eloquence of words or any argument that could fall from the lips of man. Surely every one is familiar with this painting of this devout Christian artist. The original is hanging now in Keble College, Oxford. You will find a splendid description of it in Ruskin's "Modern Painters."

The picture is that of Christ knocking at the fast-closed door of a moss grown cottage. In His left hand He carries a lantern whose red light the artist would have us understand symbolizes the light of conscience. In His face, written over with tender concern, is another light, the mystic radiance of salvation. He is dressed in the white robe of the prophet; around His shoulders is the robe symbolic of the priest, and on His head is the king's crown of gold interwoven with the wreath of thorns. With His right hand He knocks at the door. This masterpiece of the famous English painter is full of rich significance, even to its every detail. Here are a dozen sermons done in oil. But I am thinking now of the unique and fatal power of the human will to set itself against the very omnipotence of God. Two things are expressive of this in the picture.

First, there is no way to open the door from the outside. A friend of Hunt's examining the picture in his studio is said to have remarked to the artist, "You have curiously forgotten to place any latch on the door." Whereupon the painter at once replied, "The latch is on the inside. The door can be opened only from within."

Second, the doorstep is overgrown with weeds and the ivy vines have overcrept the door and with other tangled shrubbery have grown across the crack where the door is supposed to open. The door, in fact, has never yet swung upon its hinges.

Man is not a mannikin that God jerks into action by a string. If God is to leave you a responsible moral agent He must give to you the power of free and unhindered choice, and, as another has said, "The human heart is the only thing in God's universe that can persistently and ultimately set itself against the beseeching love of God."

"Though God be good and free be heaven,
  No force divine can love compel;
Though song of sins forgiven
  Sound to the lowest hell.
The sweet persuasion of His voice,
  Respects thy sacred will;
He giveth day, thou hast thy choice,
  To walk in darkness still."

"And ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life." What can you hope to gain by keeping the door closed in His face? It is true that if He comes in, some things will have to go out, but these are the things that blight and curse and damn.

Better open the door to Him now, for the day is coming when it will not be for you to say whether you will stand in His presence or not, and in that day the mediatorial robes will be laid aside and He will become your Judge. And God pity you then! For there will be no balm for sorrow, no physician to heal, no blood to cleanse, no Christ to save, no door of mercy to open, but the verdict will fall and God's retributive angels will be there to carry it out. Heaven save you from an hour like that! Open the door and let the seeking Savior come in.

W. E. B.

"The Angelus"
by Jean François Millet

Worship
Marriage Obligations
Fidelity

97

Rev. 4.8; II Kings 17.36; Eph. 5.25; Col. 3.19

"The Angelus" by Jean François Millet is one of the world's most celebrated paintings. The whole art-loving world has been captivated by it. Millet was preeminently a child of nature. His parents were sturdy Norman peasants, and the lad grew up in close touch with the field, the forest, and the sky. They were devout Christians. These two facts explain very largely the promptings that led Millet to conceive a picture like "The Angelus."

Its grandeur lies in its simplicity. The artist was a master of pose, and no one ever excelled him in space portrayal. The characters in the scene and the little church of Chailly in the dim distance, whose bells one can almost hear, are ample warrant for this statement. The time is evening; the rooks fly homeward through the evening sky; the Angelus bell is ringing from the steeple of the distant church; two peasants, husband and wife, are working in the field; at the sound of the bell they cease their toil and stand in the field with bowed, uncovered heads, reciting the prayer which begins, "Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariae; Ave Maria, gratia plena."

Rarely if ever has a stretch of canvas been so rich with meaning. There you can find the inspiration of God's out-of-doors, the helpful touch of nature; there you can see the blessings of a kindly Providence and there you can read the Gospel of honest toil. But, of course, the predominating theme of the great masterpiece is that of worship.

"First worship God; he that forgets to pray,
Bids not himself good-morrow or good-day."

If the chiming of the deep-toned bell in yonder steeple does not stir you, and the worshipful attitude of the simple-hearted pair does not move you, yours must be a dead soul indeed.

But it is not alone the glorious fact that they worship that thrills me. It is that they worship together. Here is true love and true loyalty to the marriage vow. Husband, listen; there is a debt you owe the one to whom you, forsaking all others, solemnly promised to give yourself, a debt that you can never pay by any personal attention or by costly garments or by a palatial residence or automobiles or anything that money can buy. You can pay it only at the consecrated altar of the Son of God in whose name your holy vows were taken. In everything you have gone with her, but in the matter of personal religion you have drawn back. You have made her to share the burdens and the disappointments equally with yourself. For you she went down to the very portals of death that children might be yours. And then what? Alone she enters the house of worship. Alone she sits at the communion table of her Lord. Alone she kneels in prayer. Alone she struggles with the trials and the problems of her soul. Alone she tries to train the little ones in the things of God; and if in years to come, in spite of all that mother has done, your children wander away into sin, if there is any precious memory of the old home life to woo them back to God it will be the memory of mother's life and mother's prayers, and not of yours. God pity you.

W. E. B.

The Untuned Harp and Its Maker	***Holy Spirit, The Filling of Will of God, In Harmony with***

98

Isa. 45.9; Isa. 64.8; I Sam. 10.6; Jer. 18.4; John 5.6

Someone's imagination has given us the beautiful story of the untuned harp. In one of the rooms of an ancient palace, where the family was wont to gather, there was built by order of the King a most wonderful harp. The most famous musician of the realm had been secured to build the instrument, and in the evenings the household would gather in the family-room and spend happy hours there while the harp gave forth its sweet, enchanting music. Then came the time when the children were married and went out from the castle into the world. Years went by and the King died and the great estate passed by inheritance into the hands of the prince. The prince with his family and his servants took up his abode in the castle. The first thing he did was to secure the best musician he could find and gather his family together to hear the harp as he had heard it in the happy days of long ago.

But the harp was out of tune and the musician couldn't tune it. He secured another, but with no better results. The harp was harsh and shrill and uttered the most painful discords, and at last with a sad heart the price ordered it covered up with a great curtain—a spoiled and useless ruin. But one night an old storm-beset man knocked at the castle gate and besought shelter for the night. The prince treated his unexpected visitor with genuine hospitality and invited him to share with the household the family-room. During the supper hour the old man's eyes kept wandering to that end of the room where the harp stood and at last he surprised the prince by asking why the harp was covered. Then the story of the harp was told, its sweet music of happier days, how it had lost its tune and how in all the realm there was no one who could bring it back.

"May I try?" the stranger asked. The prince was willing to gratify his guest's desire and the curtain was drawn back. The old man examined the instrument keenly and handled it fondly as if it were his child. For more than an hour he worked away and then asked the prince to assemble his family, for he felt sure the harp was itself once more. He began to play; and such music, such enthralling harmonies they had never dreamed could live in a musical instrument. When the prince could compose himself he said, "Sir, how does it come that when all other musicians have failed in tuning the harp you have succeeded so wonderfully?" And the old man replying said, "It is all very simple; I made the harp."

Have you ever heard of a life like that; a life that was out of tune? Have you ever heard a voice that screeched; that was harsh and ugly because the heart was out of tune? Perhaps that life and that voice has been your own. Don't say it is ruined and hopeless beyond repair. There is someone who can tune it; someone who can so touch with the finger of redeeming love the discordant strings of our heart that all heaven will be thrilled at the answering notes of our once untuned but redeemed lives. Who can it be but He who made it?

W. E. B.

Latona Slaying the Seven Sons of Niobe

Rebellion Against God
Will of God, Submission to

99

Rom. 12.2; Rom. 8.28; Ps. 40.8; Heb. 12.6

One of the most admired of the ancient statues is the Niobe in the Imperial Gallery at Florence, the figure of a mother clasped by the arm of her terrified child. It ranks with the Apollo and the Laocoon group among the masterpieces of art.

Niobe, the queen of Thebes, because of unjustifiable pride in her children which led her to forget her obligation to the gods, to neglect the fulfilment of her vows, and to make light of the worship prescribed in honor of Latona, the mother of Apollo, became the object of Latona's wrath; and one after another of Niobe's seven sons, while on the field of warlike sports, fell lifeless to earth struck from above by an arrow that came from the bow of Apollo. This angered Niobe and hardened her heart. She reproached the goddess, crying, "Cruel Latona, feed full now your rage with my anguish." Then followed the death of her seven daughters, and among the slain she sat desolate and torpid with grief. The bitterness of her spirit was like an all-consuming poison, but as she sat hardened in heart the color left her cheek, her hair was unmoved by the breeze, her eyes became fixed and unmovable, her veins ceased to carry blood and she changed to stone within and without. And yet the tears continued to flow.

Yes, it is possible for tears to flow from a stony heart; but not if one really knows the Lord, for then the heart does not grow hard even though death be in the home and the heart is bowed down with grief. Across the years there comes to me the story of two mothers, both advanced in years, both members of the church and both standing in the presence of the death of an only son. One was absolutely without comfort. She could not understand why it had to be *her* boy, and bitter tears flowed from a stony heart until her unutterable grief sent her to her own bed in bodily affliction. The other I saw walk over to the casket, and she too shed tears but of a different sort; and as she stooped to kiss the marble brow I heard her say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Such peace is reserved only for the rare souls of this earth.

"I worship Thee sweet will of God
And all Thy ways adore
And every day I live, I seem
To love Thee more and more.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him, when
It triumphs at his cost."

W. E. B.

Dannecker Declines to Chisel Out a Venus

Christ, The Attractiveness of
World Unsatisfying, The

100

Eph. 6.11; Rev. 3.10; Phil. 3.8; Gal. 2.20

When one has a real vision of Jesus, and He stands disclosed to the soul in all his satisfying loveliness, the lure of the world is really gone. Dannecker was a Christian man, and one of the greatest sculptors Germany has ever produced. He employed his great talent in producing a face of Christ. He felt in his soul that this was to be his masterpiece, and for eight long years he patiently toiled. When he had finished, he gave to the world a work which, more than all else he ever did, has made his name immortal. The face he created revealed with such beauty the strong love and tender compassion of the divine man of sorrows, that people could hardly look upon it without weeping.

Some of his countrymen had wanted a statue of Venus for Germany, and charmed at Dannecker's great success, they said, "Now, we shall have a Venus to out-rival the one of Medici of Milan," and they proposed to their renowned sculptor that he should, at once, try his skill in this new direction. And this is what he said, "I can never make a Venus after I have looked upon the face of Christ."

This is the secret of a holy life, a real affection for Jesus in the heart. This is the expulsive power before which the carnal and the unholy cannot stand. And to obtain a real vision of Jesus is to behold in Him the One altogether lovely, and to realize that, only as the soul finds its satisfaction in Him, can it find any abiding satisfaction at all.

W. E. B.

Mendelssohn and The Freiburg Organ — *Filling of the Holy Spirit, The* / *Yielded Life, The*

101

I Kings 20.4; Rom. 6.12; Rom. 12.1; Eph. 5.8

When the organist of the celebrated Freiburg Cathedral became old and his fingers lost their skill he was made custodian and given the charge of caring for the great organ. One day a visitor came into the cathedral and asked permission to play the celebrated instrument, but was refused. "No one," said the old custodian, "but myself and the present organist have ever touched the keys." After much persuasion the visitor was reluctantly granted permission to play a few notes. He slipped into the seat and touched first one tone and then another; then running his fingers along the keys he filled the whole cathedral with such wonderful music that the old organist was entranced. He stood spell-bound, and when the visitor had finished the old man came up beside him and said, "What might your name be, sir?" And the visitor replied, "My name is Felix Mendelssohn." And until the end of his life the old organist was used to say, "And I all but missed hearing Mendelssohn play on my organ!"

Child of God, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" There comes One who is greater than Mendelssohn and asks permission to play upon the organ of your soul. Are you refusing to let Him have His way with the instrument? Give Him your permission to take His place at the keys; yield the instrument to Him. He will fill your life with celestial music and bring your whole being into harmony with the will of God.

W. E. B.

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